Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

OFFICE } CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY-ST. IN THE AMERICAN HOTEL BASEMENT.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. will see that his letter is received; he shall have an answer through the mail in a day or two.

"Q." will be surprised to hear that the bright particular star to whom he alludes is a fixed star, and consequently will be invisible on the evening in question. The whole planetary system is at sixes and sevens about these days, causing one to echo Mercutio's wish of "a plague on both your houses." It would give us great pleasure, however, to witness the consummation of his wishes.

J. L. F. can purchase one if not two mares of the stock he so much "cottons to." We will send him a list of twenty others in a few days, scattered from Virginia to Long Island.

"Jacob Twigg" has our thanks for files of Paris and London papers.

The Engravings sent us from London by T., and his more acceptable letters, came safe to hand. May he live a thousand years!

A communication from Fredericksburgh, Va. relative to the imported stallions, is under consideration; it is written in too sour a style for publication as it stands. Why will not writers on sporting subjects discuss matters of general interest in a more temperate and pleasant vein? There is no necessity for getting up "a muss," or setting people by the ears. The imported stallions are not the only ones whose prices for service are so extortionate. If breeders do not choose to send to Priam or Leviathan and pay $150, there are plenty of cheaper ones within their reach; why do not some of our correspondents get up a crusade against some twenty or thirty native stallions, some of them untried, who are standing for from $50 to $100? There are half a dozen among *them*, as well as among those imported, not worth much more money! This indiscriminate abuse of imported stallions is a game two can play at, and though we are determined our columns shall not be the "theatre of war," we would fain hope that the question might be suffered to remain, for the present, unagitated, except in a friendly and becoming spirit of honest rivalry.

"Index" has fallen into an error in his statement of March 16, relative to *Pigeon*, the dam of McNorritt's *Maria*, who was the dam of Charles Kemble and Wild Bill. Mr. McNorritt owned her dam, and both bred and ran Maria; in his hands she beat Sir Charles at Augusta. He afterwards let Mr. West have her, but gave an erroneous pedigree. Pigeon, the dam of Maria, produced nine colts or fillies, and was owned at different times by as many individuals, as we are informed by another Georgia correspondent.

Reports of the Fall Races at Sulphur Springs, Ky. reached us yesterday, and will appear next week.

R. H. L. should take the Long Island Rail Road to Hicksville—get a team there at Jackson's, and then "strike a B line" for Concklin's pond, at Babylon, Liff Snedeker's at Islip, or Stump Pond at Smithtown. If our correspondent will call upon us, and happens to look as if he wouldn't *frighten* the trout, we may be induced to enlighten him as to "a soft place" or two we wot of, on the Island. If he prefers mountain scenery, let him steam it up to Newburg; there is capital trouting in half a dozen streams and ponds twenty miles back of that town. It is rather too early in the season though, for the mountain streams; Long Island is "the ticket" about these days, and on the South side, trout on a warm day, will rise to a fly.

The "Letter from a Southern Correspondent" is thankfully acknowledged, and will be inserted in our next. Also the report of a Deer Hunt on the island in Lake Concordia, La.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1839.

THE SEASON.

Spring is with us again with its soft, warm airs, and we write this line within windows open to its influence. Spring comes to you in the country in the garb of verdure, and your pleasure is to watch her advance in the shooting blades of grass, in budding boughs and the glorious garniture of forest trees. The birds tell you of her approach and you note the successive appearance of blue bird, sparrow or bobalink as stages in the progress of the advancing season. In town you have little to do with trees and birds. A mean patch of grass in the smallest corner of the smallest yard may assume a sickly hue, a pale, yellowish green, but it tells not of the awakening of the sleeping earth, the birth of flowers, or the revival of the year. Some poor canary from his tenement of wire may warble a blither carrol from the window opposite, now that his mistress indulges the little songster with the fresh air and a wider view of the dull earth, of which he has escaped the cares in his prison-home. But these are uncertain auguries, and in other signs must you read in town the sure token that the drear winter is gone and summer is close at hand. And we are not so badly-off as one might think for such grateful tokens. They meet you in shapes the most substantial and homely, and then the liveliest and most spirit-stirring. Parties and balls are over and you can't dance if you would; this tells you where you are. But if not, you next may break your neck, or your legs, in stumbling over some box of merchandize, with which the side walks are abundantly stored at this season of the year; this shows that the Southrons are with us, and "the spring trade" is commenced. Again you hear of parties to "Liffs," an exploring visit to Patchogue, and a three-pounder taken in Stump Pond. The trout on Long Island are a more sure indication of spring than the swallow of summer. If you find a moment's leisure, you enjoy it in listening to the latest recital of the latest experience of this or that brother of the angle,—how he took seven out of that hole in Snedicor's pond, how rich has been the run on Spring Creek, and how he lost the largest trout at Conklin's last week that was ever hooked on the Island. Amazing is it, how large the *lost* trouts ever are! Again, you hear that the colts are all doing well, that Job will certainly get work enough this time, that Decatur has recovered all his foot, that the mare is about right, and that the Sharks will prove dangerous customers. These are certain intimations of Spring, but not surer than the eternal noisy-whizzing of some steam engine from the foot of Barclay street, just in from Albany. Curious castors too begin to appear about the hotels,—now a steeple-crowned affair of preposterous altitude; perhaps from Canada or Wisconsin,—and again a broad-brimmed Mississippian, sheltering an expanse of country quite terrific to the unaccustomed beholder.

But the most unequivocal and beautiful aspect which spring assumes in town, is in the gaiety of Broadway, the revival of old fashions or the production of new ones in the dress of the ladies. Boas and muffs and sable coverings give place to gayer costumes. New hats come in, and for a day the uninitiated is puzzled to determine which style is to reign ascendant. A fine warm day like this brings a myriad of belles into the street, and in the garb of each member of this beautious tenantry of Broadway you perceive the influence of the season.

Why then should we envy the dweller in the country his home among the forests? There is no variety in his pleasures that can compare with ours, his converse is with nature solely, and receives no zest from contrast with society. So transcendent is the situation of New York, that one of her citizens who studies pleasure for his occupation, can find it by an hour's drive in any direction. Long Island is the promised land of the sportsman. The world besides has not such fishing, nor better shooting in its season. The rides and drives are beautiful; the delights of society are ever at hand, the amusements of the town challenge hourly attention. But for the paltry cares which would seem alloted to the best years of a man's existence, the everlasting labour to grind away not alone his energies, but his susceptibility to the highest pleasures, this world would be well worth living for. We shall give it a fair trial, however, as it is, satisfied that life is not all a fleeting show; and, if our paper should allow us leisure, shall get down to Major Blydenburgh's next Monday, and return with a trout fit for the table of an Emperor.

A poor devil of a coachman in Dublin was recently tried for the abduction of the daughter of his mistress, and marrying her, she being at the time under the age of eighteen. He was very rightfully found guilty, &c. The examination of the young *abducted* occupied for a long while the attention of the court. She appeared gay and light-hearted, and it was a little difficult to obtain from her a precise statement of all the facts bearing upon the case, and when the counsel on either side had concluded their examination, one honest juror volunteered a query, determined to elicit the important fact, whether her family were privy to the abduction. "My dear," said he, in all innocence, "at the time you went to ride with the prisoner at the bar, 'did your mother know you were out?'" At this the crowded audience burst into a shout of merriment, and the dull, but well-meaning juror, little suspecting the occasion for the uproar, reiterated his query most distinctly, "I say, my dear, did your mother know you were out?" It was only after the audience were nearly dead with responding in hearty guffaws to this innocent question, that the juryman could obtain from the witness a serious answer.

Among the fashionable dinners recorded in late numbers of the Morning Post, was one given by Count D'Orsay to the Prince Napoleon Bonaparte. Lord Durham is enumerated among the fashionable guests.

VAN AMBURGH'S DINNER.

A trifling notice of the dinner given by this gentleman at Drury Lane appeared in our paper last week. It was neither so full nor so racy as the one below, taken from a different paper, the London "Sunday Times." It is enough to immortalize the author that he has offered a model "bill of fare" for all future entertainments of the like character.

On Ash-Wednesday, as dramatic performances are forbidden, an "entertainment" was given in the saloon of Drury Lane theatre. Mr. Bunn and Van Amburgh being the principal performers. The latter, as a token of his sense of the courtesies extended to him by members of the theatre and others, inviting some 50 or 60 to a splendid banquet. Van, with a nice sense of propriety, felt that as he feeds his lions in public twice a week, the least he could do would be to feed the company once; especially at a period, when through the stupidity of the Chamberlain, and the bigotry of the Bishop of London, they are deprived of the chance of providing a dinner for themselves. All the most important members of the theatre were consulted, and Phil Stone suggested getting up a "property" banquet—that is to say a feast of Dutch-foil cups and wooden pies, but the American scorned the suggestion, and certainly ordered the preparation of a really sumptuous repast. The arrangements made were similar to those at Mr. Charles Kean's dinner—with this exception that *there* every gentleman *paid* for his feast, and here Van Amburgh acted the generous host. The company assembled on the stage at six o'clock, and marched by the wings to the tune of "Oh! the roast beef of Old England." On the prompter's table appeared a sketch of the festive board, capitally drawn in pen and ink, by that most facetious of punsters, and best of fellows, Richard Brinsley Peake. The bill of fare, which would have puzzled Ude to realize, ran nearly as follows:—

PAWS (in jelly.)	LEO ROTI, With a splendid likeness of the "deceased lion" rampant.	PANTHERS TAILS (en papilote.)
PARBOILED PUMA.	By way of Plateau, the Old Dramas,	A BEAR'S HAM
LARDED LEOPARD.	as they are still kept for ornament (not use) in this establishment.	TIGERS TRUSS'D.
COLLAR'D HEAD and DANDY-LION SAUCE.	SEA SERPENT SOUP, with	JUGG'D JAGUAR.
STEWED SLOTH.	HASH'D HIPPOPOTAMUS as a remove.	ROAST RHINOCEROS.

After laughs long and loud, the company descried their allotted places, (or dens as some termed them), and about half-past six the party took their seats,—

ALFRED BUNN, ESQ., IN THE CHAIR.

Van Amburgh on his right, and Lord A. Paget on his left. Amid the visitors were Alderman Harmer, Sir F. Stovin, Hon. J. McDonald, Hon. F. Stanhope, T. Duncombe, M. P., Mr. Thelluson, Dr. Billing, Mr. Anderson (Common Councilman), Messrs. Almond, Anderson, Baker, Balfe, Bishop, Brindal, Compton, Dunn, Duruset, H. Giubelei, Harris, Howell, King, King (father and son), Mr. B.'s professional advisers, C. Jones, S. Jones, Parsloe, Peake, Souton, Weiland, Wallis, &c. &c. &c.

Grace having been said by Mr. Bunn, the feast commenced; and certainly Cuttriss determined to show the assembled party that he could do credit to the orders of the tiger-tamer—for the dinner was an admirable one, and admirably served. Zoological jokes were the order of the day, and at such a feast they most appropriately kept the table in a *roar*. Need we add that every thing went off with *eclat*—(don't print this *a claw*),—and that there was no pause—(not *paws*)—in merriment.

"Non Nobis" (which is generally sung by and to those who do not understand it) was sung, and Mr. Bunn rose, and in a very flowery speech proposed the health of the young and fair Empress of these isles—thereby meaning Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Patroness of his wild beast show. "God save the Queen"—(by every body and in all sorts of keys.)

Alfred, rather refreshed by the chorus, proposed "The Queen Dowager." (Tremendous applause—the Drury-laneites displaying more Toryism than gratitude.) Ere silence was fully restored Bunn was up and at it again, and gave with great energy, "The Army."

Sir F. Stovin got on his legs, and returned thanks for the standing army.

Up came Bunn again, and as the boys say, "sarved the navy the same." Upon which a very pleasant old gentleman, whem we understood to be Captain Campbell, made a very agreeable speech.—Song and chorus—"Rule Britannia." —Well sung, but we wish Franks would learn the words—we like the original better than his version.

Up got Bunn (that boy will be the death of us) and talked about a variety of things—phrenology, pneumatics, and the Corn-laws amid the rest; and concluded by drinking the health of the city of London. The city of London did *not* return thanks, but Alderman Harmer did, and suggested that a compliment, in the shape of a piece, or service, of plate, should be made to Van Amburgh. Dead silence, and a general buttoning of breeches-pockets followed this suggestion.

Mr. T. Duncombe alluded to the prohibition of dramatic performances in Lent and to the fate of the bill of last session, and concluded by proposing the health of Mr. Bunn.

Glee—"Hot cross Buns."

Bunn acknowledged the compliment, and being now powerfully refreshed, began to eulogise *honor*, and courage, and beyond all, *modesty!*—Loud laughter, which however subsided, when he said he proposed the health of Mr. Van Amburgh.

The Tiger Tamer rose, and in a few well-chosen sentences acknowledged the compliment. He said talking was not his forte, but he could not do otherwise than warmly respond to such kindness, for, from the moment he set his foot on the British shore, he had been surrounded by the kindest and warmest friends. His speech was in good taste, and elicited loud and long plaudits.

Balfe entered the room, and Alfred jumped up, and letting *memory* supply the place of wit, proposed "In solemn silence, the *late* Mr. Balfe." The composer turned to the piano, and played "The light of other days." In the course of the evening, "Mynheer Van Dunk" was sung, and rupturously encored, Bishop presiding at the piano. Bunn proposed that gentleman's health, as the first living English composer. It was drunk with musical honors, Stansbury leading them at the piano, and with good taste introducing, as a symphony, Bishop's fine round of "When the wind blows." This elicited reiterated plaudits, and the composer returned thanks, evidently affected.

Lord A. Paget proposed the health of Peake. The littte punster rose in a peculiar pucker. Had he never been more successful in farce-making than he was on this occasion in speech-making, he would scarcely have awakened the risibility of London. He looked a great deal, but said very little; however, the company took the *will* for the *deed*; Messrs. King and Evans remarking it was the most illegal transaction they ever heard of.

There is a curtain before the counter of the Saloon, and between its folds the form of a lady appeared, whom one of our contemporaries had designated "A *Queen* of Drury Lane"—has he not made a mistake in the spelling! Her presence wrought Alfred up to another display of eloquence he proposed "The Ladies."

Tyrolien glee—"Fair Hunter, come dance with me."

"More of this matter can we not report." We heard that champagne and potent pottings did their work upon the tarryers, and that a variety of songs, glees, and other entertainments, delighted the visitors. Some of the actors getting groggy and sentimental, gave toasts in variance with the purposes of the party. We subjoin the few that have been communicated to us:—

Toast—"The memory of Shakspeare."
Song.—"Oh! no we never mention it." Mr. Bunn.
Toast.—"William Charles Macready."
Song.—"Go to see the fight," and chorus "Oh! how he larrup'd him."
Toast.—"The regular drama."
Song.—"I wish you may get it." Mr. Compton.
Toast.—"The Author of *The Maid of Artois*."
Sacred Song.—"He was despised."
Toast.—"T. Duncombe, Esq. M.P."
Song.—"Mad Tom."
Toast.—"The memory of the late Mr. Polito."
Song.—"The light of other days." Mr. Van Amburgh.
Toast.—"The performers of Drury Lane theatre."
Song—"I wonder we an't *better company*." (From the *Beggar's Opera*.) By Mr. Weiland.
Toast.—"Mr. Charles Kean."
Song.—"And will he not come again?" Mr. Bunn.
Toast.—"The Renters and Shareholders, and may their profits equal their patience."
Song.—"Nothing at all." Mr. Dunn.

A MONSTER OF THE FIRST WATER.

The Boston Times has a marvel almost as wonderful as the Moon Hoax, though we would by no means say that there is as little reality in it. The Times says "Robert Lincoln, Esq., Agent of the New York Western Lumber Company, has just returned from the Saint Peters river, near the head of steamboat navigation, on the upper Mississippi, bringing with him a living *American Ourang Outang, or Wild Man of the Woods*, with too small cubs, supposed to be about three months old."

The paper then goes on to give all the particulars of the capture of this strange bestial, and of his transportation to the good city of Boston. Mr. Lincoln appears to have been very much of Stephano's opinion, when that ingenious gentleman first found Caliban. "If I can catch him and keep him tame" thought Mr. Lincoln, "and get to *Boston* with him ***—he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly." And accordingly, we learn from the Times that it is the intention of Mr. Lincoln to exhibit the creature a few days to "the scientific" and then to dispose of him to some person for exhibition. It seems that there are certain "Cubs" taken at the same time, which will be exhibited with the "monster;" from which circumstance we are very much inclined to suppose hat he is either a Rocky Mountain bear or a Broadway dandy. The description is about equally applicable. At any rate we hope Mr. Lincoln will bring his newly discovered dainty to this city and let us see whether we cannot match him on some sunny day, somewhere between Trinity and St. Paul's Churches. The following is the description of the Times:

"By invitation of Mr. Lincoln, who is an old acquiantance, we went down to his rooms to examine this monster. He is a horrid looking creature and reminds us very strongly of the fabled satyrs, as we have pictured them to our own mind. He is about eight feet three inches high, when standing erect, and his frame is of giant proportions in every part. His legs are not straight, but like those of the dog and other four-footed animals, and his whole body is covered with a hide very much like that of a cow. His arms are very large and long, and ill proportioned. It does not appear from his manner that he has ever walked upon "all fours." The fingers and toes are mere bunches, armed with stout claws. His head is covered with thick, coarse, black hair, like the mane of a horse. The appearance of his countenance, if such it may be called, is very disgusting—nay, almost horrible. It is covered with a thinner and lighter coat of hair than the rest of his body; there is no appearance of eye-brows or nose; the mouth is very large and wide, and similar to that of a baboon. His eyes are quite dull and heavy, and there is no indication of cunning or activity about them. Mr. Lincoln says he is beyond dispute carnivorous, as he universally rejects bread and vegetables, and eats flesh with great avidity. He thinks he is of the ourang outang species; but from what little we have seen, we are inclined to consider him a wild animal, somewhat resembling a man. He is, to say the least, one of the most extraordinary creatures that has ever been brought before the public, from any part of the earth, or the waters under the earth, and we believe will prove a difficult puzzle to the scientific. He lies down like a brute, and does not appear to possess more instinct than common domestic animals. He is now quite tame and quiet, and is only confined by a stout chain attached to his legs.

This is the first creature of the kind, we believe, ever found on this continent. It was to be expected, however, that in penetrating the remote recesses of the new world, monsters would be found, and great natural curiosities brought to light; and it has been a matter of surprise to many that so little of the marvellous has ever been discovered. But we cannot tell what the wilds of the far Northwest, the shores of Lake Superior, the regions of the Rocky Mountains, and the vast territory of the Oregon, may yet brink forth."

JACOB TWIG IN PARIS.

London, March 2, 1839.

My Dear P.—I was in Paris during most part of the last month—this may partly account for mynot writing.

The principal day of the "Carnival" or "Marde Gras," took place on the 12th, and of course formed the main attraction.

To a stranger, every body seems mad on these occasions—no one thinks of anything but fun and frolic, and, as you may imagine, to a sober quiet man like myself, such a hurly-burly fairly bewilders the senses. The streets, the pavements, the house-tops, the windows, the carriages, the horses, the tables and chairs, are filled and covered by the mass of inhabitants all gaping at one another—strange and uncouth dresses, faces, noses, and whiskers, appropriate themselves in every family—queer speeches and fantastic tricks are allowable to every one, and all goes on with such spirit and good humour that even I myself was forced to laugh and look on in wonder.

The main business of the day is confined to the Boulevards and one or two other leading streets—from two o'clock till dark, these were crowded—a continued flow of six rows of carriages, horsemen, and maskers, filled the middle, and the pavements were monopolized by pedestrians. Such crowding and squeezing you never saw—such a noise and hubbub you never heard—unless yourself has visited this annual Babel. Jokes, crackers, and bon bons were flying in all directions—the men and boys were merry—the women and girls all happy, and a discontented face was not in existence unless upon a staid and crusty old bachelor. Some of the equipages were very fine, and quite a number with four horses and outriders—among these I observed one containing hal a dozen of our countrymen, sporting the American and French flags—and with

out any exaggeration one of the best turn-outs of the day—the lads might be a *leetle* too noisy, though I suppose they felt privileged in their concealed costumes, and on such an occasion. Some of the "fittings out" were odd enough—one fellow bestrode a cask apparently, now and then stopping and turning the spiggot for refreshment—another rode an ostrich—there were lots of donkeys, bears, "et sui generis," and indeed I should be tedious in attempting description. In the evening, those who still paraded about, carried torches, the oily stream from which added a fine gloss and finish to many an odd passer by. At midnight the Masked Balls took place, of which I believe there were five. At the "Rennaisance," which I attended, and which is one of the largest theatres, the crowd was very great, and the dancing, if not very elegant, was at least free and easy—the band consisted of about two hundred, and the effect from the boxes was really splendid. It was truly provoking to see so many pretty creatures with their bright eyes peeping through their dominoes—their sweet voices plaguing you to death, and no help for it—and one being laughed at without knowing by whom, or wherefore. It wont do for me to stay so late among them—bless me, what would the folks say at home—so good bye till we meet again.

The great point of attraction at present is the "Ballet of the Gypsy," got up at the French Opera House, and the principal characters maintained by the two Elslers—the piece is certainly very excellent, and the effect of the scenery splendid—the scene is laid in Scotland—the heroine, "Fanny," is stolen when a child—is attached to, and marries one of the gypsies—is afterwards discovered by her father, the governor, at Edinburgh—is willing to forsake all rather than leave her husband—her parent, after many struggles between pride and affection, joins their hands in consent—the chief of the band, "Fanny's sister," sees her purposed revenge foiled, and a shot from a window kills our heroine's partner, and she dies broken hearted over the body. There is some delightful dancing in the piece—the "Cracovienne" by Fanny is charming, and has every night been encored—some of the scenes, and indeed all, are very effective—one is a view of Edinburgh, and a "Fair" takes place on the stage, with I dare-say 500 persons—many Scotch airs are introduced, among which of course "Auld lang syne" stands pre-eminent.

Mr. Hill—Yankee Hill that is—gave a performance on the 16th, which was attended by the most respectable Americans in Paris—he was himself the *sole* point of attraction, having no assistance, and it was the first time he had ever undertook to amuse a company by himself—the audience was not numerous, it could not be so, and never was expected. I should say there might be about 150 present—he entitled the entertainment, "Yankee Stories, or Homespun Tales," and every one that went was very well pleased. I believe he contemplates giving one or two repetitions, somewhat altered in arrangements; but I wonder at Mr. Hill persevering—from the nature of his characters he cannot vary the performance enough, which must be ever an obstacle in his way—though, of course, in what he does, he cannot be equalled.

They have a curious exhibition just now in Paris, and which is shortly to be here. I refer to the performance of the Dogs and Monkeys at the "Cirque Olympique"—it is truly astonishing—the monkeys are trained to do everything but talk—they are seated at table—are waited on—dance, and I don't know what else, among themselves. One plays the fiddle (in *his* style,) another goes through performances on the tight rope. A lady monkey is handed into her carriage drawn by dogs, the coachman and footman are monkeys, and really do the needful surprisingly. In the last part we have a military spectacle—a monkey don't like the trade—deserts, and of course is caught again—he is tried by court-martial, sentenced and executed—that is, he plays the part of being shot, and no one for an instant could tell the difference—"pourquoi," as Monsieur would say—because no one ever saw a dead monkey, and no one knows how they should look—the whole concludes with the attack and bombardment of the cebrated fortress of Kokomorium, which of course surrenders—the whole ending in a grand military tableau.

There is quite a sensation just now about a young actress, "Madame Rachel" at the "Theatre Francais." I tried several nights to get in, but the crowd was too great on each occasion. She is quite adored, and the good people are fairly over head and ears with ecstacies. Her principal forte is tragedy, and she is young and pretty I am told. I must however come to a halt, having spoiled my sheet of paper,

And am, your obedient servant,

Jacob Twigg.

LETTER FROM "THE SEAT OF WAR."

Androscoggin, State of Maine, March 20, 1839.

To Mr. P., of the Spirit.—Well, Squire, how are you? I told Jake t'other day, when he sot out for New York, to go and see you, and just tell you what's a-goin' on down here, and I s'pose the creetur did, for he's got a small skein of yarn, which he can spin "just as easy" now, and the way he loves to stretch out, is agin good duins in harvest time. If the cretur didn't call on you, why just send round to his tallow factory and let him know you've got some gingerbread, and you'll cotch him less than no time; do it, for he's got a streak of fun in him that's worth lukin' tu. The folks down here aint lazy, and the way to prove it would be to travil arter 'em one day, when they are hedin tow'ds the disputed terrytori. Sometimes I guess our legs won't stump so deep as sum, or how could we git along to such a damn'd rate. I wish, by gum, the President and them are Congress pepul would just cum down and see our trainers; their eyes would water, they are so spruce and strong, and full of the meet-acks dispesition. Everybody is filled chock ful of war feelins; and the wimen, tho' they are apt to turn wite, don't du so, and you can't make 'em. Some on 'em have worn out considerable many of their front teeth of a-grittin' em; and 'taint oncommon to hear 'em calculating how many katridge kivers a raal home-made flannel petticut wud make. By golly, they're got the raal Stunington grit, and ther backs are up like a panther when the dogs is a koxing on him. We haint any great desire to go to fightin, sum how it seems agin our principles, pece bein better than war, amazin deal safer, and, between you and I, that's what pepul like; but if we must, why giv it to em, clene up to the hub, and no hangin back. The parson told us t'other day not to be powerful in tryin to get into the skrape; but if we got in, lay out our whole strength. He hinted something about a long line of coast to be guarded, wich warnt esy to du; and altho' he had no rite to speke about it, he culdn't help sayin that we had only a handful of sogers in Uncle Sam's service, and our fightin vessels would be just a good mouthful for them ugly red-coats. We are pretty much redy to make our member vote for a standin army big enuf to keep the forts all along the coast at Boston, New York, Newport, and Philadelphia, Baltimore, aye, all along, in good time, sogers and officers in 'em, and drums, and powder, bullets, and so on, besides sogers to be kept on the fruntere in the weke and sore places, to keep patriots and injuns out, and sich stuff. And old Jo Shark says, bild 20 of them big snorters, to sale with the wind, or agin it, and them let 'em keep off or they'll smell thunder. Dekun Sober said as how we don't want nothin, that a war wuld be good physic for the nation if the dose was fixed rite, and recummended they shud take, eight large cities; talked a little of kommershall prosperity destroyed, a sprinklin of blood from one hundred thousand killed in battle, a sigh from the broken-hearted mother and orfan, or ravished virtue, and few grains of defect, the scrapin of a hundred milluns or tu of public debt, mixed up with confusion, distrust, heart-burnin, political plundering, two or three, or maybe a dozen hillumінations, for a victory of one ship, 4 brigs, 6 Injuns, or some trifles of this ere kind. The devilish old junk thinks we could swallow it, and 'twould purify us considerable. If you think so, let me know, and when you've seen Jake, here what he says, and if yer want it, I'll get the dose redy. And I s'pose if the President only will take it, he bein' the head of the whole nation, arms, belly, legs and all, will feel all the better; he says 't will take five years to work slick.

Yours, Hateful Parkins.

Balance of Europe.—Two worthy, but not very particular M. P.'s went one evening down to the House of Commons, discussing politics as well as their cups and hiccups would permit them—one said solemnly—

Europe's true balance must not be o'erthrown,

To which the other replied—

D——n Europe's balance—try to keep your own.

THE THEATRES.

In our last we announced that Mr. Duncombe's motion in Parliament for an address, praying the Queen to remove the prohibition upon theatrical entertainments during Lent, in the Parish of Westminster, was lost by a majority of 90. By later dates, it appears that the Hon. Member has renewed the motion; the speech in which he supported it is so excellent, that we have transferred it to our columns. The objections to the motion were unworthy the intelligence of the House of Commons, and we are rejoiced that they did not prevail.

Mr. Duncombe rose to bring forward the motion of which he had given notice on the subject of closing the theatres within the city and liberties of Westminster on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent. He said that, although the noble Lord (Lord Sandon) had thought it necessary to postpone his motion on account of the lateness of the hour, he did not feel himself under the same necessity, and he should, therefore, occupy the attention of the House for a short time with the consideration of the motion of which he had given notice. He was extremely sorry that he was again compelled to bring the subject forward, but it was one so completely founded upon justice and common sense, that he should feel he had been deficient in both if he did not give the house a fair opportunity of deciding upon it in the favorable manner he anticipated they would that night. Indeed, it was more the fault of the noble Lord the Secretary for the Home Department than his own that he was again driven to the discussion of the question, and the grievance under which those persons in whose behalf he complained were now suffering. The noble Lord had not condescended to offer any reasons whatever for refusing his motion on a former night, and although the noble Lord had a large majority on that occasion, he (Mr. Duncombe) had reason to know that many honorable gentlemen who then voted against him did so, not on account of their differing from him as to the fairness and justice of it, but because they thought it irregular and out of time to make such a motion on the presentation of a petition, and without giving notice. Indeed, several gentlemen had told him since that these were their reasons, and had promised him their support if he would bring it forward in a substantive shape. If the noble Lord, therefore, were disposed, as he appeared to be, to place the city of Westminster under a ban that did not extend to any other parts of the metropolis, he hoped the house would do it justice, and relieve the people of Westminster from the grievance of which they complained. It was notorious that all the theatres in every other part of the metropolis except Westminster were open on Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent, and he could not see the justice or the consistency of denying to the people of Westminster those sources of amusement which every other portion of London enjoyed. On the north side of Oxford-street, and on the other side of the river, the theatres were not subject to any restriction, because they were without the control of the Lord Chamberlain; and even in Westminster, although the theatres were closed, he found there were parties, concerts, balls, and even levees, given as often on Wednesdays in Lent as on any other days. [Cheers and laughter.] Now, he could not see any reason, while her Majesty received levees on Wednesdays to receive her loyal subjects, why the people of Westminster should be precluded on the same days from the enjoyment of rational amusements at the theatres in the evening. The closing of the theatres, too, on those nights was a serious detriment to the operatives employed at these establishments, because their wages were stopped on the nights that there was no performance, so that by this arbitrary act of the Lord Chamberlain those poor people were cut short one-third of their wages. Now, her Majesty's ministers were the great performers in the political drama of the day, and how would they like to be deprived of one-third of their wages every week because there happened to be no house? [Loud cheers and great laughter.] Surely there was as much reason and justice in stopping the wages of Mr. Rice of Downing-street as Mr. Rice of the Adelphi. [Immense laughter.] If one did not like to be cut short, why should the other? [Great laughter.] In looking at the Morning Post, which he held in his hand, he saw that there was a great dinner yesterday (Wednesday) at the Freemasons' Tavern, a theatrical dinner, too. It was called the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund Dinner. Now, every one knew that this was a kind of theatrical performance—a farce—and amongst the company who attended, he saw the name of an illustrious Royal Duke, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Morning Post described the whole affair as having gone off with the utmost conviviality. Several songs were sung, one of which was "Rory O'More." [Shouts of laughter.] After the Duke of Cambridge retired, Mr. Rice—it did not say it was the real "Jim Crow"—[roars of laughter]—was voted to the chair, and the conviviality was kept up to a late hour in the evening. [Cheers.] On looking further into the Morning Post, he found that yesterday her Majesty had a large dinner party at the palace, where the band of the Life Guards attended, and played pieces of music at intervals. There was a great number of distinguished individuals at the party, and the first name he saw amongst them in the Morning Post was the Marquis of Conyngham, the Lord Chamberlain, the *magister morum* of the city of Westminster. [Cheers and great laughter.] He was very far from saying or imagining that his Lordship did not suggest to her Majesty on that occasion, when the band was playing, that her Majesty was doing the very thing that he was at the same moment prohibiting the people of Westminster from doing—listening to musical performances. [Cheers.] Then, again, when he looked into what was called high society, of which the Morning Post was the organ, what did he see? Why, the first thing that caught his attention was, that the Marquis of Lansdowne had a great dinner party yesterday. [Cheers and laughter.] And when he came to see how the church was occupied, he found that the Bishop of Llandaff gave an elegant dinner at the deanery of St. Paul's to a large circle of gentlemen of his diocese. [Tremendous cheers and laughter.] Now, when he saw all this, was he not justified in asking why should the people of Westminster be deprived of their sources of rational enjoyment? [Cheers.] They did not grudge her Majesty her band, although they paid for it; but they asked to be permtted to enjoy their own bands at the theatres. [Cheers.] He knew not what reason could be assigned for refusing his motion. There was no law for it; there was nothing in the patents of the theatres to prevent their opening on Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent; at least this was the opinion given by Sir James Scarlett. The whole proceeding was merely the caprice of the Lord Chamberlain for the time being. The only Act of Parliament that at all touched upon the matter was the 10th of George II., which required that all plays, farces, and other entertainments of the stage, should be submitted to the inspection of the Lord Chamberlain before they should be performed. It was clear from this regulation, which was always strictly enforced, that there was no danger of anything treasonable or blasphemous ever appearing on the stage; but he could not find upon what authority, except mere will, the Lord Chamberlain assumed to himself the power of prohibiting performances at all on particular nights in Lent. If, however, it was right to exercise this power, let it be exercised generally and uniformly all over the town. [Cheers.] It had been said that the prohibition was an old custom, and should therefore be preserved. But were they not day after day abandoning old customs? If they were to adhere to old customs, he could give some just as rational and as respectable as this. In the reign of George II., the very reign in which the Act to which he had referred passed, there was an officer of the Court called the "King's Cock Crower." [Great laughter.] The duty of this important personage was to crow the hours of the night in Lent at the Palace, instead of the watchman who was accustomed to call the hours in the other parts of the year. One night the Prince of Wales was at supper, and the cock crower came to the room door and crew the hour; but the Prince, not being aware of the custom, and not understanding the language—[roars of laughter]—seized the cock crower by the throat and very nearly strangled him. [Renewed laughter.] The result was, that this silly custom was ever after discontinued. Now, he thought it would be just as rational in the Lord Chamberlain to revive this custom as to enforce the prohibition against theatrical performances. [Cheers.] It was time that this grievance should be put an end to. In France the theatres were supported by Government grants of money, but the persons who complained here did not ask for anything of that kind. They only asked to be left a fair opportunity of enabling them to pay the enormous rents they were liable to. He believed that Covent Garden theatre paid to the Duke of Bedford £3000 a-year ground-rent. [Cheers.] And he did not believe there was any deduction for the nights that there were no performances. [Cheers and laughter.] He trusted the House would assist him in abolishing this grievance, which, after all, was nothing but an old vestige of Popery, and should no longer be tolerated. [Loud cheers.] The Hon. Member concluded by moving—

"That it is the opinion of this House, that during Lent no greater restrictions should be placed upon theatrical entertainments, within the city of Westminster, than are placed upon the like amusements at the same period in every other part of the metropolis."

After a debate, in which Lord John Russell, Mr. Spring Rice, D'Israeli, and others took part, the House divided, when there appeared—

For the motion	92
Against it	72
Majority	—20

The amount of the numbers was received with loud cheers, and the resolution was then agreed to.

MADEMOISELLE DE SAMPAYO.

We extract the following from a Paris correspondence of the 18th instant:—

"You remember that in December last the Dutchess de Palmella fled from Paris with the immensely young Portuguese heiress, Donna Maria-Luisa de Norenha e Sampayo, daughter of the late wealthy Count de Povoa. Though orders were issued by the telegraph for the apprehension of her Grace, or rather of the infant she was carrying off, she contrived to leave Havre and reach England, whence she proceeded to Lisbon. The cause of her flight need be but briefly adverted to, since the affair has been before a Court of Justice. Through the influence of the Duke de Palmella, the guardian of Mademoiselle Sampayo was ordered by the then triumphant Don Pedro, and her mother and uncle prevailed with, to consent to her marriage with the Marquis de Faval, the Duke's eldest son. The mariage was solemnised in January, 1836, the bride not being at the time *ten years old*. It was subsequently stipulated that the marriage should not be finally concluded before the 21st of April, 1842, when the young lady would accomplish her fifteenth year. Until that period, when her own free will was to be consulted, the Palmella family were to receive for her maintenance and education 15,000*l.* a year. Her relations, finding that they were not allowed free accession to her, called upon the Ecclesiastical Court of Lisbon to annul a marriage contracted under such extraordinary circumstances, and a canonical separation was decreed, which being referred to the Paris Civil Tribunal, the latter ordered that Mdlle. de Sampayo should be provisionally conducted to the Convent of the Augustine Ladies. It was to evade this decision that the Duchess hurried out of France with the possessor of 2,000,000*l.*

"This important case was to come before the Lisbon Courts in the beginning of the present month. It is probable that it will be decided in favor of the influential Don Pedro de Souza Holstein, the little girl having been made, on her arrival at Lisbon, to assure the Patriarch and Queen that she freely took the Marquis de Fayal for her husband. Yet some obstacles would appear to exist to the golden consummation, for I understand that the Duke de Palmella has suddenly left Paris for England and Portugal, and that M. Antonio Sampayo and several other persons of that highly respected family have likewise hastened in the same direction."

We are also told that the Duke de Palmella has landed on the English coast, and immediately proceeded to Falmouth, his *incognito* having been sadly disturbed on finding that the Sampayo family were among his fellow-passengers on board the packet which brought him across the Channel. If our information be correct, it is not unlikely that his Grace will have been honored with the same unwelcome company in his passage to Lisbon. Morning Post.

BANNISTER AND DAVID GARRICK.

I was a student of painting in the Royal Academy when I was first introduced to Mr. Garrick, under whose superior genius the British stage bloomed and flourished beyond all former example. In my first interview with him I expressed my desire of quitting the study I then pursued for the stage. After frequent visits to him, he was pleased to say that he perceived a—a—a something in me which conveyed a—a promise, a—an indication of theatrical talent; and here I am led into an imitation—(I beg pardon, I mean an humble attempt at imitation)—of his manner in private. He had a sort of a—a—a kind of a—a hesitation in his speech, a habit of indecision which never marked his public exertions. One morning I was shown into his dressing-room, where he was before the glass, preparing to shave; a white night-cap covered his forehead, his chin and cheeks enveloped in soap-suds, a razor-cloth was placed upon his left shoulder and he turned and smoothed his shining blade upon the strop with as much dexterity as if he had been bred a barber at the Horse Guards, and shaved for a penny; and I longed for a beard, that I might imitate his incomparable method of handling the razor.

"Eh! well—what! young man—so, eh? (this was to me) so you are still for the stage? Well, haw—what character do you—should you like to—eh?"

"I should like to attempt Hamlet, Sir."

"Eh! what? Hamlet the Dane! Zounds! that's a bold—have you studied the part?"

"I have, Sir."

"Well, don't mind my shaving—speak the speech—the speech to the ghost—I can hear you—never mind my shaving."

After a few hems and haws, and a disposing of my hair, so that it might stand on end

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

I supposed my father's ghost before me, armed cap-a-pie, and off I started.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—

He wiped the razor—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd—

he strapped the razor—

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell

he shaved on—

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee!—

he took himself by the nose—

I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, Royal Dane.—O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance."

He lathered on. I concluded, but still continued my attitude, expecting prodigious praise; when, to my eternal mortification, he turned quick upon me, brandishing the razor, and, thrusting his half-shaved face close to mine, he made such horrible mouths at me, that I thought he was seized with insanity, and I was more frightened at him than at my father's ghost. He exclaimed, in a tone of ridicule,

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

"'Yaw, waw, waw, waw!" The abashed Prince Hamlet became sheepish, and looked more like a clown than the Grave-digger. He finished shaving and put on his wig, and, with a smile of good-nature, took me by the hand and said,—"Come, young gentleman,—eh! let's see now what we can do." He spoke the speech; and how he spoke it, those who have heard him never can forget.

A Farmer's Daughter.—A few years ago, a farmer, living a few miles from Easton, sent his daughter on horseback to that town to procure from the bank small notes for one of 100 dollars. When she arrived there the bank had closed, and she endeavored to effect her object by offering it at several stores, but without success. She had not gone far on her return, when a stranger rode up to her and accosted her with so much politeness, that she had not the slightest suspicion of any evil intention on his part. After a ride of a mile or two, employed in a very social conversation, they came to a retired part of the road, and the gentleman commanded her to give him the bank-note. It was with some difficulty that she could be made to believe him in earnest, as his deameanor had been so friendly; but the presentation of a pistol placed this matter beyond a doubt, and she yielded to necessity. Just as she held the note to him, a sudden puff of wind blew the note into the road, and carried it gently several yards from them. The discourteous knight alighted to overtake it, and the lady whipped her horse to get out of his power, and the other horse, who had been left standing by her side, started with her. His owner fired a pistol, which only tended to increase the speed of all parties, and the young lady arrived safely at home, with the horse of the robber, on which was a pair of saddle-bags. When these were opened, they were found to contain, besides a quantity of counterfeit bank-notes, fifteen hundred dollars in good money! The horse was a good one, and when saddled and bridled, was thought to be worth at least as much as the bank-note that was stolen. Pittsburg Visiter.

The drunkest man yet.—A fellow who has been paying his devoirs at the shrine of Bacchus, and like Falstaff had foresworn thin potations, stood at the corner of the street, about three sheets in the wind, endeavoring to sustain himself by the assistance of a post. It was rather a difficult piece of business, for he was first upon one side of it, then upon the other. In this emergency, a boon companion on the opposite side of the street, called to him to come across. "Come across," said the fellow, with a hiccup, missing his hold on the post, and stumbling at length, "you must be a smart man to suppose I can come across, when I am too drunk to stay where I am." Cincinnati News.

The late Duke of Buckingham.—On the arrival in England of the late King Louis the Eighteenth, the Duke, then Marquis of Buckingham, urged the exiled monarch, with the most delicate courtesy, to take up his residence at Stowe. Louis accepted the invitation, and sojourned under the Marquis's hospitable roof until he settled at Hartwell. On his restoration, the King of France, wishing to evince his sense of the generosity and kindness which the noble Marquis had displayed towards him, his family, and many of his faithful adherents, himself solicited of George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, a Dukedom, which he knew to be the object of the Marquis's wishes. After much hesitation the Regent acceded to the request, observing that it required all the anxiety he had to do something agreeable to his Royal guest, to grant a favor which he had hitherto bestowed but upon the Duke of Wellington.

Farinelli.—As the forthcoming opera at Drury Lane theatre is founded on the life and doings of the renowned singer, Farinelli, the following anecdote may not be uninteresting to our readers:—Farinelli was born at Naples, in 1705. When 17 years old he went to Rome, where he contended with a famous performer on the trumpet every night, during the run of one opera. After severally swelling out a note, and trying to out-rival each other in brilliancy and force, one evening they continued so long, while the audience eagerly waited the event, that both seemed to be exhausted. At length the trumpeter gave in, supposing, however, that his antagonist was as much exhausted as himself, and that it would be a drawn battle, when Farinelli, with a smile on his countenance, showing he had only been sporting with him all the time, broke out all at once, in the same breath, with fresh vigor, and not only swelled and struck upon the note, but ran the most rapid and difficult passages, and was at last silenced only by the acclamations of the enraptured audience. Farinelli died in 1782.

Said a purchaser to a horse-dealer, "Is that animal sure-footed?"—"Perfectly," replied the jockey, "when he puts his foot down you would think he was never going to take it up again."

DRURY LANE THEATRICAL FUND.

The annual anniversary dinner of this fund came off last evening at the Freemasons' Tavern, the Duke of Cambridge in the chair. The dinner went off after the usual fashion of such entertainments, and on the removal of the cloth, the routine toasts were given in the common order, commencing with "Her Majesty Victoria," whose portrait in transparency hung in the centre of the room above the chairman, with the words "She is the soul of bounty" underneath.

"The health of Queen Adelaide" was drunk amid vociferous and long-continued applauses; and

"The Army and Navy" followed.

Sir WILLIAM CURTIS then rose and gave "The health of the illustrious Chairman, the Duke of Cambridge," in a brief and unembarrassed speech, which was a good deal cheered.

The DUKE, in returning thanks, alluded to the high and cordial patronage which had been bestowed upon the fund by the Royal Family, particularly dwelling upon the interest taken in it by the Dukes of York and Sussex, and declaring that he himself was not less concerned for the welfare of the institution, and would be ever ready to promote its advantage by every means within his power. His Royal Highness next gave, "The Drury-lane Theatrical Fund, and its Master, Mr. Harley," upon which Harley rose, and delivered the following speech, throughout which he was considerably cheered, the Duke of Cambridge joining expressively in the approbation of every strong allusion to the welfare of the stage.

"May it please your Royal Highness, my Lords, and Gentlemen,

"To the old adage, 'Practice makes perfect,' I feel myself an exception. In schoolboy phrase, 'Practice drives me mad,' by sorely puzzling me how to beguile the tediousness of my *tenth*-told tale! Having the honour to address your Royal Highness for the *first* time, it will be my duty to describe more particularly this meritorious institution, which has ever shared the especial patronage of your august house, and the support of the noblest and the most intellectual of the land.

"Yes, Sir, that chair has been graced by his Majesty King William the Fourth; by the Dukes of York and Sussex. That *you* should have emulated the condescension of yout Royal brothers calls forth our deepest gratitude, and is only in accordance with that gracious humanity and exalted patriotism which belong to your race.

"Dramatic representations were coeval with the civilization of mankind. In Greece and Rome they reached their highest glory. In England delight and instruction have gone hand in hand; and while her stage, rich beyond any other, ancient or modern, has become a *national amusement*, it has proved also a *national benefit*.

"It awes vice, because it makes it hateful; it abashes folly, because it renders it ridiculous; under the direction of a *just taste*, it is virtue's firm ally.

"Shall the actor, whose health and mental vigour may prematurely decline, or the veteran, who may linger on to an indigent old age, have sad experience that public patronage exists only with the power to please? No. The philanthrophy of one great ornament of our profession has provided an asylum for either calamity! Sacred be the memory of *David Garrick*, the brother by whom so many brethren live!

"He foresaw that his own brilliant career could fall to the lot of but few, and without being tutored in the school of adversity, he learnt its noblest lesson.

"This institution has relieved age of half its infirmities, and poverty of half its sorrows. It has taught the actor to provide for reverses. It has sheltered his widow; reared and educated his children; and imparted a moral feeling to the stage, by drawing together its members in bonds of unity; by stimulating exertions, combining interests, cherishing the honest pride of independence, and opening the sources of compassion and benevolence.

"At *no* period since its foundation has the absolute *necessity* of a *theatrical* fund been *so* apparent as at the present. If an actor's income was before fluctuating, it is *now* uncertainty itself. Has he less capability or desire to please than his predecessors? *Indeed not!* 'Tis true I might point out the cause why the classic ground so auspiciously trod by Garrick, and Siddons, and Kemble, should yield him but a precarious and scanty harvest; why, after years of unremitting labour and study devoted to his eloquent art, he beholds the fair prospect, a meridian of success, an old age of independence, receding from his view. But I stand here, *not* as a critic, to give the drama laws; but humbly to receive them at your hands: *not* to dictate to your taste, but to appeal to your character. Yet thus much I may say, that, under happier circumstances, the well-trod stage would rise in dignity and usefulness, and the well-graced actor receive his hard-earned reward—that the contingencies attending his profession, and the new calls that press upon our fund, and ask for increased resources, would be considerably diminished.

"Mark the effects produced by this untoward state of things. The very reverses to which it inevitably tends cannot always be provided for even by forethought and economy; since we are compelled, most reluctantly, to refuse applicants who are anxious to subscribe; for we should prove improvident stewards of our trust if we admitted a member not supported by a three years' engagement; and a three years' engagement, *now-a-days!* is a rara avis, a black swan that the most skilful among us can seldom catch! It is by those who contribute long, *before* they require aid; by others, of happier fortunes, who also contribute, but never require aid at all; by the interest on our capital; and by public munificence, that this institution is supported. And it is only by a temperate, not niggardly economy, that weighs atoms and divides straws, that we are enabled to dispense moderate comforts—we cannot afford superfluities—to our aged annuitants, many of whom have been subscribers for thirty or forty years. Yet we have not been exclusive: many an actor, having no legal claim, has been relieved from immediate distress by the timely assistance of this fund. We delight to be generous when justice is not compromised. Increase our means of doing good, and you shall find us ready almoners!

"We rejoice that a General Theatrical Fund is in progress, and cordially wish it success. The more rivals in the field the wider will extend the circle of benevolence.

"It is only by the highest patronage that our drama can be sustained. It rose in the sunshine of Court favor; and if ever those cheering beams are withdrawn, farewell to its exquisitely-wrought scenes of imagination and passion, its heart-easing-mirth, that Kings and subjects reciprocally enjoyed in the palmy days of its glory! The gentle Shakspeare warbled his wood-notes wild to the peerless Elizabeth; that wise Princess accepted the precious offering, and sanctioned by her presence, the stage became the favourite resort of her accomplished nobility, and the delight of her admiring people! The same divine spirit lives and breathes in our own times—two centuries have not faded his ever-blooming laurels: and *now*, when the imperial diadem again rests upon a female brow, may we not hope that a portion of its lustre may reflect, as of old, on that immortal plant of pure native growth, the unrivalled drama of England!

"One hundred guineas have been transmitted to us by her Majesty the Queen. If that Illustrious Lady could know how many hearts this welcome donation will fill with gratitude, she would count it among the most useful and best appreciated of her charities.

"To his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex our lasting obligations are due. May health and happiness attend him! Whenever auspicious circumstances restore to us his presence, we shall hail it as the prelude to increasing prosperity.

"Every anniversary reminds us that we have lost some liberal benefactors, and the present arrives not without giving us cause for regret. Yet these festive meetings recruit our ranks; many catch the generous sympathy; and when the heart-stirring appeal is made by Royalty in person, it is irresistible.

"I am at a loss for terms wherewith to express to your Royal Highness our deep sense of this favour. 'I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you!' On *you*, our enlightened patrons, depends the revival of *true* taste, and, with it, the prosperity of the stage. Do you give the tone, and the histrionic art, vibrating to the touch, shall discourse most eloquent music. You will invest with the sock and buskin many a gifted but timid aspirant, who shall sustain the future glories of the drama, and call forth latent inspiration from hearts glowing with poetic fire, that your breath shall kindle into a flame! And, as you have this day shown your wonted liberality towards some once-applauded favourites of the scene, I would respectfully ask of you to encourage those who still 'live to please'—'to please to *live!*'"

"The Vice-President" was the next toast, to which Mr. Robert Bond Cabell returned thanks. "Prosperity to Drury Lane Theatre" was then given and responded to by Mr. Bunn very shortly, and in excellent taste. In fact, his quiet answer to the toast was an evidence of tact and discrimination, and was well received accordingly. "The Sub-Committee," "The memory of Garrick," "The Covent Garden Fund," and "The Ladies," were the other pledges, after which his Royal Highness left the chair at about half-past ten o'clock. The galleries were filled by a great number of ladies. Between the various toasts there was a great deal of excellent singing. Thom Cooke, and Stansbury alternately presided at the pianoforte. The glees were beautiful. The lady singers were Miss Romer, Miss Rainforth, and Miss Hawes. The latter young lady fairly distinguished herself by singing a solo so as to produce a loud *encore*, and being the chief cause of the same compliment for a glee. Miss Rainforth also acquitted herself very well. Balfe sang a parody on "Rory O'More," written for the occasion by a barrister. We have just room for two stanzas of it, enough to show its character.

SONG. Air—*Rory O'More.*

Though closed the "Box-office"—no "posters" to-day,
And *Post*, *Times*, and *Herald* announce us no play,
Yet a bumper, I vouch it, our drama shall crown.
While the curtain at Drury may be—derry down!
Yes, a drama, though round us no boxes arise,
For no one to-night should have *tiers* in his eyes.
"No orders admitted," no privilege stall,
The "free list suspended" in Freemason's Hall!
Ducrow for to-night is too solemn by half;
If we must have a horse, it should be a horse laugh;
Van Amburgh himself take his nap at Mysore,
And the lions of Drury be—*roaring no more!*

When the prompter, old Time, gives the actor his cue
That "the last scene is on," and 'twill soon be adieu,
Behind the world's scenes let us comfort his span—
A poor actor no more, but "a *property man!*"
"Until further notice," give out to-night's bill,
Star of Brunswick, the part of Benevolence fill!
So we in their orbits of charity love } To the
The *stars* that shine on us, just now, from above. } Ladies.
By this single night many friends we held dear
A benefit take every day in the year.
Health! sons of the stage!—a strain worthy the score
Of Byron, or Campbell, or—*Tommy O'Moore!*

Mr. Rice also—the *real Jim Crow*—sang "Sich a getting up stairs" with three encores, and "Jim Crow," with some new verses, which we obtained, but for which we have no space. Rice was very warmly received, and, after the departure of the Duke of Cambridge, was voted into the chair to sustain the conviviality of the "after-evening." A subscription for the benefit of the fund was, as usual, collected, which, with out-door contributions, amounted to more than 900*l.* Amongst the subscriptions Mr. Harley announced the Queen, 100 guineas; Duke of Sussex, 10 guineas; Duke of Cambridge, 25*l.* Duke of Bedford, 50*l.* Miss Burdett Coutts, 50*l.* Duke of Devonshire, 25*l.*; Marquis Conyngham, 10*l.*; Lord Saltoun, 5*l.*; Mr. Dickens (Boz), 5*l.*; Charles Kean, 20*l.*—(Great cheers) Sir W. Curtis, 5*l.*; Mr. Whitehead, 10*l.*, &c. &c.

London Morning Post, February 27th.

PARISIAN CHIT CHAT.

(The Correspondence of the London Morning Post.)

We are here as zealous as ever for music; amidst the sombre aspect of the times, it is the only bright spot on the horizon. A passion for music is also the redeeming point of our young fashionables—in other respects they are as *incroyable* as ever. To be a fashionable man you must wear your hair falling in massive locks upon your shoulders—your beard must be in the style of the time of Francis the First, while your hand is more thoroughly squeezed than before into a canary-yellow glove, part of the costume as decidedly characteristic of an exquisite aristocrat of the present day, as a red heel was in the time of Louis XIV. Thus dressed you may present yourself everywhere—even at the Jockey Club, the arbiter of *ton* in Paris at the present day; at least for those who have seceded from the dignified social manners, so quiet and unaffected, which in the bulk of good society have survived the old *regime*. The aforesaid young men do but imitate those exclusive expensive habits which destroy social intercourse in England, and drive English gentlemen by thousands from the country to seek foreign lands, where stilted pomposity and invidious ideal distinctions do not keep man from man. There was a time in Paris when one used to ask whether such a young man of fashion frequented the society of a Madame du Deffand, or was admitted at a Madame la Marechale de Luxembourg's salons, where politeness was refined to the highest degree, but without affectation, and where every noble cavalier resorted to study the art of behaving in the society of Ladies. Now you must learn to smoke eternally in a room lavishly decorated in the style of Louis XIV., extended on a divan, where nothing is talked of but horses. If you can do this then you are an exquisite of the first water. Truly, grooms must be very proud of having made their jargon the language of good society.

Attempts are making in several fashionable houses to revive suppers. It is the only thing we want of the manners of the Regency. We have already its jobbers, rouees, and many other things. The suppers begin at eleven o'clock, after the Academie Royale or the Italian Opera; they last till one, when they conclude with tea; the suppers consist chiefly of fish, Ostend oysters, and Rhenish wine. It is affirmed that the Duke of Orleans, on his return from his Belgian campaign, intends placing himself at the head of the supping party, and to give *bachelor's suppers* at the Palais Royal, in the same apartments where the sire of his great grandfather, the Regent, gave his to his intimate friends. The guests are to be chiefly military men, it being another means of exercising influence over the army. Yet the Prince should remember that suppers do not always prove successful to him. It was in 1830, whilst his Royal Highness was supping with some military friends at Lointier's *Restaurant*, that a band of July heroes, passing in the rue Richelieu, took the liberty of erasing from the pannels of his carriage the escutcheon and fleur-de-lys of the d'Orleans, to the tune of the *Marseillaise*, which his Highness and his guests were singing within.

If our age remains famous for suppers revived from the Regency, it will not be less so for its mania of statues renewed from the Greeks. Every body may now hope to be carved in marble or cast in bronze; and we have so many great men from Molier to Rouget de Lille, who wrote the *Marseillaise* words, that the quarries of Paros and Carrare will be inadequate to supplying blocks of marble, and the plaister ovens of Monmaitre will be exhausted by our *celebrites* reduced to the dimentions of *stattuetes*. Two new marble statues, those of Lukain and Talma, have just been stationed right and left of the author of *Zaire* in the hall of the Theatre Francais. Vollair's place among the lacqueys waiting for their masters has been much criticised; nor less fault will no doubt be found with those given to the two great actors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Criticism is too severe to say that the *Comedie Francaise* has turned its two great tragedians out of doors. Since we have adverted to the *Comedie Francaise*, let us mention the sudden disappearance from its saloons and boxes of one of its most assiduous subscribers, a nobleman remarkable for the strangeness of his costume and peculiarity of his habits. Count de St. Cricq, whom all Paris distinguished some years ago as one of the most elegant officers of the hussars of the Royal Guard, and one of the men most renowned for his wit and graceful manners, had become, owing to some crossed affections, what superficial people in France called *mad*, and what the English, more indulgent to infirmities of the brain, term *eccentric*. It is certain that for some time past M. de Saint Cricq's whims in the streets attracted attention. He had himself followed by eight or ten hackney-coaches; at the restaurateurs he had adopted very singular systems of gastronomy; at the *Comedie Francaise* he had frequent altercations with the police owing to his theories on the dramatic art, which he professed aloud. Last time we saw him there he was exclaiming aloud to the saloon, as he perused a newspaper. "It is now quite clear that we have been for eight years past upon a volcano of mud." It may be easily conceived that, with such opinions, expressed even more openly, a Ministry who shrinks from nothing should have applied to the Count of Saint Cricq the law relative to lunatics.

The Carnival concluded more gaily than was expected; the four or five last days were bustling enough. There were the *fetes* at the Countesses de Stackelburg and Viana, the Marchioness de Brignole, Sardinian Ambassadress, &c. Colonel Thorn also gave a splendid ball, which was remarkable for a quadrille, in which the twenty-four ladies were costumed as *Sylphides*, and their partners as bears and other quadrupeds, Three days ago the Prefect of Paris gave also a grand ball at the Hotel de Ville, and I have also to mention one given by a young Frenchman to nineteen English ladies, accompanied, of course by their chaperons. All the cavaliers, save three, were French.

I must not conclude without some mention of Mademoiselle Rachel, who, after the elections, occupies most public attention. Her dispute with the Theatre Francaise is adjusted. She is next year to be a *societaire*, and in the mean time to receive a salary of 20,000 francs, with two month's leave of absence. Nothing can exceed the fuss made about her, and I do not think that any other actress in this country was ever treated with so much favor. The night before last, at Countess de W——'s party, she had the window broken because she had not air enough, and glasses of *Eau Sucre* without end, &c., were brought to her. At the Countess de Sassenay's splendid party a few nights ago, it was a treat to see her and the well-known grave novelist, Viscount d'Arlincourt dancing together, after reciting a scene of one of Racine's Tragedies.

Her discussions with the Theatre Français, which have occupied all Paris, have not injured the young tragedian's vogue. She has, however, a real drawing-room monomania. Last week she had the honor of being admitted into the select society which Mme. Recamier, who is a stranger to nothing literary and distinguished in Paris, assembled in her apartments at the Abbaye-aux-Bois. M. de Chateaubriand and M. Ballandhe were again much touched with the talent of the young Israelite, who recited passages of *Esher*. Yet we must say that some persons have found fault with a Sunday, and the hour of evening service, having been chosen at the Abbaye-aux-Bois for this rather too worldly amusement. It must not, however, be forgotten that, in the most religious house of Saint-Cyr, the verses of Racine were admitted and permitted by Rosuet himself. On Tuesday Mlle. Rachael attended also the magnificent *soiree* and ball given by [illegible] in the splendid mansion which she had just bought of Mdlle. Mars, and which the latter lately inhabited. The young [illegible], who was admirably seconded by Viscount d'Arlincourt, was never more felicitously inspired.

Grisi takes her benefit at the Italiens on Monday next, and on Tuesday all Paris will flock to the Theatre Français, to behold the farewell benefit of its best tragic actor, Lafon, who has been absent from the stage for eight years past. On this occasion *Nicomedi* is to be performed, and Mdlle. Rachel is to appear in the new character of *Laodice*. It would appear that, after much long and angry discussion, she, or rather her father, M. Felix Rachel, has triumphed over the **managers of the Comedie Francaise. If it be true, as is affirmed, that in the last nine months she has altogether received but 9,500 fr., and that, in the same period, the receipts which her performances have procured have enabled the theatre to pay 250,000 francs of debts, and the humble members of its society to pocket 20,000f., she certainly was entitled to a more munificent treatment.**

Sir Henry Halford prescribed ice-cream to some old dowager, who complained of her stomach. "Oh! Sir Henry, it is too cold—my stomach won't bear it." "Then, my lady," answered the obliging baronet, "you may have your ice warmed."

Golden Rule.—**In reflections on the absent, go no further than you would go if they were present. "I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." A golden rule, the observance of which would, at one stroke, banish from the earth flattery and defamation.**

The *Argus* says that Lord Melbourne is about to publish a new work on chess in which is fully exemplified the best method of playing the *Queen*, the taking possession of the *Castle*, and of entirely disregarding the old system with regard to the utility and service of the Bishops.

Nothing from the North to-day. No slips—no papers—no bloodshed on the frontier. We expect to hear by the next mail that the Lowell girls have turned out in a mass, and marched against the red-coats. There are seven miles of these gals, and if they once get their ebenezers up, there will be some bloody noses along the boundary line, we reckon. The disputed territory will be a hot place, about then. The Lowell gals are whoppers, and chock-full of spunk. We would rather run a mile than fight one of 'em a minute. Say two words to a factory-girl, and it's, "Here, Mag! hold my comb, till I hammer the rust off this fellow!"—New Orleans Sun.

Tit for Tat.—A wine-merchant in the city left a suspected assistant in his cellar the other day, and said to him, "Now, lest you drink the wine while I am away, I will chalk your mouth, so that I may know it." He then rubbed his nail across the man's lips and pretended to leave the mark of chalk on them. The man drank of the wine, and to be even with his master, chalked his mouth, and thus discovered himself.

HANDY ANDY. NO. VI.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Notwithstanding the deep potations of the Squire and Dick Dawson the night before, both were too much excited by the arrival of Jonstone to permit them to be laggards in the morning; they were up and in consultation at an early hour, for the purpose of carrying on prosperously the mystifications so well begun on the young Englishman,—and they set their wits to work that intention might follow up with spirit the occurrence that accident originated.

"Now, first of all, Dick," said the Squire, "is it fair, do you think?"

"Fair!" said Dick, opening his eyes in astonishment. "Why, who ever heard of any one questioning anything being fair in love, war, or electioneering;—to be sure it's fair—and more particularly when the conceited coxcomb has been telling us how he'll astonish with his plans the poor ignorant Irish, whom he holds in such contempt. Now let me alone, and I'll get all his plans out of him—turn him inside out like a glove, pump him as dry as a pond in the summer, squeeze him like a lemon."

"An *orange*, you mean, Dick," said the Squire, with a wink.

"By my sowl, he's too *green* to be orange," said Dick. "But whatever he is, we'll get the inside out of him, and let him see whether the poor ignorant *Iwish*, as he softly calls them, are not an overmatch for him at the finesse upon which he seems so much to pride himself."

"Egad! I believe you're right, Dick," said the Squire, whose qualms were quite overcome by the argument last advanced; for if there was one thing more than another that provoked him, it was the impertinent self-conceit of presuming and shallow strangers, who fancied that their hackneyed and cut-and-dry knowledge of the common places of the world gave them a mental elevation above an intelligent people of primitive habits, whose simplicity of life is so often set down to stupidity, whose contentment under privation is so often attributed to laziness, and whose poverty is so often coupled with the epithet "ignorant." "A *poor* ignorant creature" indeed is a common term of reproach, as if poverty and ignorance must be inseparable. If a census could be taken of the *rich* ignorant people, it would be no flattering document to stick on the door of the temple of Mammon.

"Well, Ned," said Dick, "as you agree to *do* the Englishman, Murphy will be a grand help to us,—it is the very thing he will have his heart in. Murtough will be worth his weight in gold to us: I will ride over to him and bring him back with me to spend the day here: and you in the mean time can put every one about the house on their guard not to spoil the fun by letting the cat out of the bag too soon; we'll *shake her* ourselves in good time, and maybe we won't have fun in the hunt!"

"You're right, Dick. Murphy is the very man for our money. Do you be off for him, and I will take care that all shall be right at home here."

In ten minutes more Dick was in his saddle, and riding hard for Murtough Murphy's. A good horse and a sharp pair of spurs were not long in placing him *vis-a-vis* with the merry attorney, whom he found in his stable-yard up to his eyes in business with some ragged country fellows, the majority of whom were loud in vociferating their praises of certain dogs; while Murtough drew from one of them, from time to time, a solemn assurance, given with many significant shakes of the head, and uplifting of hands and eyes, "that it was the finest badger in the world!" Murtough turned his head on hearing the rattle of the horse's feet, as Dick the Devil dashed into the stable-yard, and with a view-halloo welcomed him.

"You're just in time, Dick. By the powers we'll have the finest day's sport you've seen for some time."

"I think we will," said Dick, "if you will come with me."

"No; but you come with me," said Murtough. "The grandest badger fight, sir."

"Pooh!" returned Dick; "I've a bull-bait for you."

"A bull-bait? Tare an' owns, that's great! Where?"

"At home."

"What! is the Squire going to turn out old Hell-fire for us—that's great—Boys," said he to the country fellows, "will any of your dogs fight a bull?"

A loud assurance in the affirmative followed the question.

"Then we'll put off the badger fight, and bait the bull."

"It's not with dogs we must bait him though," said Dick.

"Is it with cats?" said Murtough.

"Whisper," said Dick,—"it's a *John* Bull we're going to bait."

"A John Bull!—what do you mean?"

"Come here," said Dick; and nodding Murtough away from the group of peasants, he told him of the accident that conveyed their political enemy into their toils. "And the beauty of it is," said Dick, "that he has not the remotest suspicion of the condition he's in, and fancies himself able to buy and sell all Ireland—horse-dealers and attorneys included."

"That's elegant," said Murphy.

"He's come to enlighten us, Murtough," said Dick.

"And maybe we won't return the compliment," said Murtough; "just let me get on my boots. Hilloa, you Larry? saddle the grey. Don't cut the pups ears till I come home; and if Mr. Ferguson sends over for the draft of the lease, tell him it won't be ready till to-morrow. Molly! Molly!—where are you, you old divil? Sew on that button for me,—I forgot to tell you yesterday,—make haste! I won't delay you a moment, Dick. Stop a minute, though. I say, Lanty Houligan,—mind, on your peril, you old vagabone, don't let them fight that badger without me. Now, Dick, I'll be with you in the twinkling of a bed-post, and *do* the Englishman, and that smart! Bad luck to their conceit!—they think they can do nothing regular in Ireland.

Murtough ran into the house, and the boots and the button, and the grey and himself, were ready sooner than might be expected from the random nature of his orders and his movements, and he and Dick Dawson were soon moving at a slapping pace towards Merryvale. Murtough Murphy, from his rolicking gleeful nature, was in a perfect agony of delight in anticipating the fun they should have in mystifying Johnstone. Dick's intention had been to take Johnstone along with him on their canvass, and openly engage him in all their electioneering movements; but to this Murtough objected, as running too great a risk of discovery. He recommended rather to engage the Englishman in amusements of one sort or other, that would detain him from O'Grady and his party, and gain time for their side; to get out of him all the electioneering of the other party, *indirectly*; but to have as little *real* electioneering business as possible. "If you do, Dick," said Murphy, "take my word we shall betray ourselves somehow or other—he could not be so soft as not to see it; but let us be content with kidnapping him—amuse him with all sorts of absurd stories of Ireland and the Irish—tell him magnificent lies—astonish him with grand materials for a note book, and work him up to publish—that's the plan, sir!"

On their arrival at Merryvale, they found the family party had just sat down to [illegible]. Dick, in his own jolly way hoped Johnstone had slept well.

"Vewy," said Johnstone, as [illegible] his tea with an air of peculiar *nonchalance* which was meant to fascinate Fanny Dawson, [illegible] a pretty and clever girl, and in her way nearly as great a devil as Dick himself,—[illegible] when Johnstone uttered his first silly commonplace to her with his peculiar *non*-pronunciation of the letter R, Fanny established a lisp directly, and it was as much as her sister, Mrs. Egan, could do to keep her countenance as Fanny went on slaughtering S's as fast as Johnstone ruined R's.

"I'll twouble you for a little mo' queam," said Johnstone, holding forth his cup and saucer with an affected air.

"Perhaps you'd like thum more thcugar," lisped Fanny lifting the sugar-tongs with an exquisite curl of her little-finger.

"I'm glad to hear you slept well," said Dick to Johnstone.

"To be sure he slept well," said Murphy; "this is the sleepiest air in the world."

"The sleepiest air!" returned Johnstone somewhat surprised. "That's vewy odd."

"Not at all, sir," said Murphy,—"well known fact. When I first came to this part of the country, I used to sleep for two days together sometimes. Whenever I wanted to rise early, I was obliged to get up the night before."

This was said by the brazen attorney, from his seat at a side table which was amply provided with a large dish of boiled potatoes, capacious jugs of milk, a quantity of cold meat, and game. Murphy had his mouth half filled with potatoes as he spoke, and swallowed a large draught of milk as the Englishman swallowed Murphy's lie.

"You don't eat potatoes, I perceive sir," said Murphy.

"Not for bweakfast," said Johnstone.

"Do you for thupper?" lisped Fanny.

"Never in England," said Johnstone.

"Finest things in the world, sir, for the intellect," said Murphy. "I attribute the natural intelligence of the Irish entirely to their eating potatoes."

"That's a singular theowy," said Johnstone; "for I have genewally seen it attwibuted to the potatoe, that it detewiowates the wace of man. Cobbett said any nation feeding exclusively on the potatoe, must inevitably be fools in thwee genewations."

"By the powers, sir!" said Murphy, "they'd be fools if they *didn't* eat them in Ireland; for they've nothing else to eat; and as to their being fools by the means of eating them, it is unfortunate for Mr. Cobbett's theory that a more intelligent people don't exist on the face of the earth."

"But Cobbett, you know, was thought a vewy clever man—by a certain set."

"Thought clever?" rejoined the Squire; "But he *was* clever, sir—a first rate fellow, sir." The Squire forgot that he was to be Squire O'Grady instead of Squire Egan.

"You supwise me," said Johnstone.

"Didn't he write the political register?" asked the Squire with energy.

"He might as well have written about register stoves," said Murphy, "for all he knew about potatoes. Why, sir, the very pigs we feed on potatoes are as superior——"

"I beg your pawdon," smiled Johnstone; "diawy-fed po'ke is very superior."

"Oh, as far as the eating of it goes, I grant you!" said Murphy; "but I'm talking of the intelligence of the animal. Now, I have seen them in England killing your dairy-fed pork, as you call it, and to see the simplicity—the sucking simplicity, I will call it—of your milk-fed pigs,—sir, the fellow lets himself be killed with the greatest ease,—whereas, look to the potato-fed pig. Sir, he makes a struggle for life,—he is sensible of the blessings of existence and potatoes!"

This was said by Murphy with a certain degree of energy and oratorical style that made Johnstone stare: he turned to Dick Dawson, and said, in an under tone, "How vewy odd your fwiend is."

"Very," said Dick; "but that's only on the surface: he's a prodigiously clever fellow: you'll be delighted with him when you know more of him,—he's our solicitor, and as an electioneering agent his talent is tremendous, as you'll find out when you come to talk with him about business."

"Well, I should neve' ha' thought it," said Johnstone; "I'm glad you told me."

"Are you fond of sporting, Mr. Johnstone?" said the Squire.

"Vewy," said Johnstone.

"I'll give you some capital hunting."

"I pwefer fishing," said Johnstone.

"Oh!" returned the Squire, rather contemptuously.

"Have you good twout stweams here?" asked Johnstone.

"Yeth," said Fanny; "and *thuch* a thamon fithshery!"

"Indeed!"

"Finest salmon in the world, sir," said Murphy. "I'll show you some sport, if you like."

"I've seen some famous spo't in Scotland," said Johnstone.

"Nothing to what we can show you here," said Murphy. "Why, sir, I remember once at the mouth of our river here, when the salmon were coming up one morning before the tide was in, there was such a crowd of them, that they were obliged to wait till there was water enough to cross the bar, and an English sloop that had not a pilot aboard, and did not know the peculiar nature of the river, struck on the bank of salmon, and went down."

"You don't mean to say," said Johnstone in astonishment, "that—a——"

"I mean to say, sir," said Murphy, with an unruffled countenance, "that the river was so thick with salmons that the vessel was wrecked upon them. By the by, she was loaded with salt, and several of the salmon were pickled in consequence and saved by the poor people for the next winter. But I'll show you such fishing!" said Murphy,—"you'll say you never saw the like."

"Well, that *is* the *wichest* thing I've heard for some time," said Johnstone, confidentially to Dick.

"I assure you," said Dick with great gravity, that Murphy swears he saw it himself. But here's the post,—let's see what's the news."

The post-bag was opened, and letters and newspapers delivered. "Here's one for you, Fan," said Dick, throwing the letter across the table to his sister.

"I thee by the theal ith from my Couthin Thophy," said Fanny, who invented the entire sentence, cousinship and all, for the sake of the lisp.

"None fo' me?" asked Johnstone.

"Not one," said Dick.

"I welied on weceiving some fwom the Ca-astle."

"Oh! they are sometimes tho thleepy at the Cathtle," said Fanny.

"Fanny is very provoking, Mr. Johnstone," said Mrs. Egan, who was obliged to say something with a smile, to avoid the laugh that continued silence would have forced upon her.

"Oh no!" said Johnstone; "only vewy agweeable,—fond of a little wepa'tee."

"They call me thatirical here," said Fanny,—"only fanthy;" and she cast down her eyes with an exquisite affectation of innocence.

"By the bye, when does your post awwive here—the mail I mean?" said Johnstone.

"About nine in the morning," said the Squire.

"And when does it go out?"

"About one in the afternoon."

"And how far is the post-town fwom your house?"

"About eight or nine miles."

"Then you can answer your letters by weturn of post," said Johnstone.

"Oh dear, no!" said the Squire; "the boy takes any letters that may be for the post the following morning, as he goes to the town to look for letters."

"But you lose a post by that," said Johnstone.

"And what matter?" said the Squire.

The Englishman's notions of regularity were somewhat startled by the Squire's answer; so he pushed him with a few more questions. In reply to one of the last, the Squire represented that the post-boy was saved going twice a-day by the present arrangement.

"Ay, but you lose a post, my dear sir," said Johnstone, who still clung with pertinacity to the fitness of saving a post. "Don't you see that you might weceive your letter at half-past ten; well, then you'll have a full hour to wite you' wanswer; that's quite enough time, I should think, for you' wetu'ning an answer."

"But, my dear sir," said Murtough Murphy, whose patience was worn out by this long post-office discussion. "My dear sir, our grand object in Ireland is *not* to answer letters."

"Oh!—ah!—hum!—indeed!—well, that's odd;—how *vewy* odd you Iwish are."

"Sure that's what makes us such pleasant fellows," said Murtough. "If we were like the rest of the world, there would be nothing remarkable about us; and who'd care for us?"

"Well, Mr. Muffy, you say such queer things—weally."

"Ay, and I *do* queer things sometimes,—don't I, Squire?"

"There's no denying it, Murphy."

"Now, Mr. O'Gwady," said Johnstone, "had we not better talk over our election business?"

"Oh! hang business to-day," said Murphy; "let's have some fishing; I'll show you such salmon fishing as you never saw in your life.

"What do *you* say, Mr. O'Gwady," said Johnstone.

"Faith, I think we might as well amuse ourselves."

"But the election is weally of such consequence; I should think it would be a wema'kly close contest, and we have no time to [illegible] think—with submission——"

"My dear [illegible] Murphy, we'll beat them hollow; our canvass has been prosperous; there's only one thing I'm afraid of——"

"What is that?" said Johnstone.

"That Egan has money; and I'm afraid he'll bribe high."

"As for bwibewy, neve' mind that," said Johnstone, with a very wise nod of his head and a sagacious wink. "*We'll spend money too.* We're pwepared for that; plenty of money will be advanced, for the gov'nment is weally anxious that Mr. Scatte'bwain should come in."

"Oh, then, all's right!" said Murphy. "But—whisper,—Mr. Johnstone—be cautious how you mention *money*, for there are sharp fellows about here, and there's no knowing how the wind of the word might put the other party on their guard, and maybe help to unseat our man upon a petition."

"Oh, let me alone," said Johnstone, "I know a twick too many for that: let them catch me betwaying a secwet! No, no,—*wather* too sharp for that."

"Oh! don't suppose, my dear sir," said Murphy, "that I doubt your caution for a moment. I see, sir, in the twinkling of an eye, a man's character—always did—always could, since I was the height o' that," and Murphy stooped down and extended his hand about two feet above the floor while he looked up in the face of the man he was humbugging, with the most unblushing impudence,—"since I was the height o' that, sir, I had a natural quickness for discerning character; and I see you're a young gentleman of superior acuteness and discretion; but at the same time, don't be angry with me for just hinting to you that some of these Irish chaps are d—d rogues. I beg your pardon, Mrs. O'Grady, for saying d—n before a lady,"—and he made a low bow to Mrs. Egan, who was obliged to leave the room to hide her laughter.

"Now," said Johnstone, "suppose befo'e the opening of the poll we should pwopose, as it were, with a view to save time, that the bwibewy oath should not be administered on either side."

"That's an elegant idea," said Murphy. "By the wig o' the chief justice—and that's a big oath—you're a janius, Misther Johnstone, and I admire you. Sir, you're worth your weight in gold to us!"

"Oh, you flatte' me!—weally," said Johnstone, with affected modesty, while he ran his fingers through his Macassar-oiled ringlets.

"Well, now for a start to the river, and won't we have sport! You Englishmen only have one fault on the face of the earth,—you're too fond of business,—you make yourselves slaves to propriety,—there's no fun in you."

"I beg pawdon—there," said Johnstone, "we like fun in good time."

"Ay; but there's where we beat you," said Murphy triumphantly; "we make time for the fun sooner than anything else,—we take our own way and live the longer."

"Ah! you lose your time—though—excuse me,—you lose your time, indeed."

"Well, divil may care—as Punch said when he lost mass—there's more churches nor one, says he, and that's the way with us," said Murphy. "Come, Dick, get the fishing-lines ready,—heigh! for the salmon fishery! You must know, Misther Johnstone, we fish for salmon with line here."

"I don't see how you could fish any other way," said Johnstone, smiling at Murphy as if he had caught him saying something absurd.

"Ah, you rogue!" said Murphy, affecting to be hit; "you're too sharp for us poor Irish fellows; but you know the old saying, 'an Irishman has leave to speak twice;' and after all, it's no great mistake I've made; for, when I say we fish for salmon with a line, I mean we don't use a rod, but a leaded line, the same as in sea-fishing."

"How vewy extwaordinawy! why, I should think that impossible."

"And why should it be impossible?" said Murphy, with the most unabashed impudence. "Have not all nations habits and customs peculiar to themselves? Don't the Indians catch their fish by striking them under water with a long rough stick and a little curwhibble of a bone at the end of it?"

"Speawing them, you mean," said Johnstone.

"Ay, you knew the right name, of course: but is'nt that quite as odd, or more so, than our way here!"

"That's vewy twue indeed; but your sea line-fishing in a wiver, and for salmon, stwikes me as vewy singular."

"Well, sir, the older we grow, the more we learn. You'll see what fine sport it is; but don't lose any more time; let us be off to the river at once."

"I'll make a slight change in my dwess, if you please,—I'll be down immediately," and Johnstone left the room.

During his absence, the Squire, Dick, and Murphy, enjoyed a hearty laugh, and ran over the future proceedings of the day.

"But what do you mean by this salmon-fishing, Murphy?" said Dick; "you know there never was a salmon in the river."

"But there will be to-day," said Murphy; "and a magnificent Gudgeon shall see him caught. What a spoon that fellow is! we've got the bribery out of him already."

"You did that well, Murphy," said the Squire.

"Be at him again when he comes down," said Dick.

"No, no," said Murphy, "let him alone; he is so conceited about his talent for businoss, that he will be talking of it without our pushing him: just give him rope enough, and he'll hang himself; we'll have the whole plan of their campaign out before the day's over."

"But about the salmon, Murphy," said Dick.

"You must help me there," said Murtough. "You'll see it all time enough. You have two little boats on the river - now yhu, Dick, must get into one with the Englishman; and I, and one of the gossoons about the house, will occupy the other: 'remember, always keep your boat about thirty yards away from me, that our friend may not perceive the trick."

"But what *is* this trick?" that's what I want to know."

"Well, since you must have it, I'll tell you. I know there's a salmon in the house, for I sent one over this morning a present to Mrs. Egan; and that salmon I must have in the boat with me unknown to the Englishman. After being afloat some time, I'll hook this salmon on one of my lines, and drop it over the side of the boat that's not visible to our dear friend, and the line can be slyly passed round to the visible side; when I will make a great outcry, swear I have a noble bite, and haul up my fish with an enormous splash, and after affecting to kill him in the boat, hold up my dead salmon in triumph."

"It's a capital notion, Murphy, if he doesn't smoke the trick."

"He'll smoke the salmon sooner. Never mind, if I don't hoax him: I'll bet you what you like he's done."

"I hear him coming down stairs," said the Squire.

"Then send off the salmon in a basket by one of the boys, Dick," said Murphy; "and you, Squire may go about your canvass, and leave us in care of the enemy."

All was done as Murphy proposed, and in something less than an hour Johnstone and Dick in one boat, and Murphy and his attendant *gossoon* in another, were afloat on the river, to initiate the Englishman into the mysteries of this new mode of salmon fishing.

The sport at first was slack, and no wonder; and Johnstone began to grow tired, when Murphy hooked on his salmon, and gently brought it round under the water within range of his victim's observation.

"This is wather dull work," said Johnstone.

"Wait a while, my dear sir; they are never lively in biting so early as this—they're not set about feeding in earnest yet. Hilloa! by the Hokey I have him!" shouted Murphy. Johnstone looked on with great anxiety as Murphy made a well-feigned struggle with a heavy fish.

"By this and that he's a whopper?" cried Murphy in ecstacy. "He's kicking like a two year old. I have him, though, as fast as the rock o' Dunamase. Come up, you thief!" cried he, with an exulting shout, as he pulled up the salmon with all the splash he could produce; and suddenly whipping the fish over the side into the boat, he began flopping it about as if it were plunging in the death struggle. As soon as he had affected to kill it, he held it up in triumph before Johnstone, who was quite taken in by the feint, and protested his surprise loudly.

"Oh! that's nothing to what we'll do yet. If the day got a little more overcast, we'd have a splendid sport, sir."

"Well, I could not have believed it, if I hadn't seen it," said Johnstone.

"Oh! you'll see more than that, my boy, before we've done with them."

"But I haven't got even a bite yet," said Johnstone.

"Nor I either," said Dick; "you're not worse off than I am."

"But how extwaordinawy it is that I have not seen a fish rise since I have been on the wiver."

"That's because they see us watching them," said Dick. "The d—l such cunning brutes I ever met with as the fish in this river: now, if you were at a distance from the bank you'd see them jumping as lively as grasshoppers. Whisht! I think I had a nibble."

"You don't seem to have good sport there," shouted Murphy.

"Vewy poo' indeed," said Johnstone dolefully.

"Play your line a little," said Murphy; "keep the bait lively—you're not up to the way of fascinating them yet."

"Why no; it's rather *noo* to me."

"Faith!" said Murphy to himself, "it's new to all of us. It's a bran new invention in the fishing line. Billy," said he to the *gossoon*, who was in the boat with him, "we must catch a salmon again to *divart* that strange gentleman; hook him on, my buck."

"Yis, sir," said Billy with delighted eagerness; for the boy entered into the fun of the thing heart and [illegible] on the salmon for a second [illegible] his labors with such ejaculations as "Oh, Misther Murphy, sir, but you're the funny jintleman. Oh, Misther Murphy, sir, how soft the stranger is, sir. The salmon's ready for ketchin' now, sir. Will you catch him yet, sir?"

"Coax him round, Billy," said Murphy.

The young imp executed the manœuvre with adroitness; and Murphy was prepared for another haul, as Johnstone's weariness began to manifest itself.

"Do you intend wemaining here all day?—do you know, I think I've no chance of any spo't."

"Oh, wait till you hook one fish, at all events," said Murphy; "just have it to say you killed a salmon in the new style. The day is promising better. I'm sure we'll have sport yet. Hilloa! I've another!" and Murphy began hauling in the salmon. "Billy, you rascal, get ready: watch him—that's it—mind him now!" Billy made all the splash he could in the water as Murphy lifted the fish to the surface and swung him into the boat. Again there was the flopping and the riot in the boat, and Billy screeching, "Kill him, sir!—kill him, sir! or he'll be off out o' my hands!" In proper time the fish was killed, and shown up in triumph, and Johnstone imposed upon. And now he began to experience that peculiar longing for catching a fish, which always possesses men who see fish taken by others, and the desire to have a salmon of his own killing induced Johnstone to remain on the river. In the long intervals of idleness which occurred between hooking up a salmon, which Murphy did now and then, Johnstone *would be talking* about business to Dick Dawson, so that they had not been very long on the water until Johnstone had enlightened Dick on some very important points connected with the election. Murphy now pushed his boat towards the shore.

"You're not going yet?" said Johnstone,—"*Do* wait till I catch a fish."

"Certainly," said Murphy; "I'm only going to put Billy ashore and send home the fish we've already caught. Mrs. O'Grady is passionately fond of salmon."

Billy was landed, and a large basket in which the salmon had been brought down to the boat was landed also—*empty;* and Murphy, lifting the basket as if it contained a considerable weight, placed it on Billy's head. and the sly young rascal bent beneath it, as if all the fish Murphy had pretended to take were really in it, and he went on on his homeward way, with a tottering step, as if the load were too much for him.

"That boy," said Johnstone, "will never be able to cawwy all those fish to the house."

"Oh, they won't be too much for him," said Dick. "Curse the fish! I wish they'd bite. That thief Murphy has had all the sport; but he's the best fisherman in the county, I'll own that.

The two boats all this time had been drifting down the river, and on opening a new reach of the stream, a somewhat extraordinary scene of fishing presented itself. It was not like Murphy's fishing, the result of a fertile invention, but the consequence of the evil destiny which presided over all the proceedings of Handy Andy.

The fishing party in the boats beheld another fishing party on shore, with this difference in the nature of what they sought to catch; that while they in the boats were looking for salmon, those on the shore were seeking for a post-chaise, and as about a third of a vehicle so called was apparent above the water, as the reach of the river was opened, Johnstone exclaimed with extreme surprise,

"Well! if it aint a post-chaise!"

"Oh! that's nothing extraordinary," said Dick,—"common enough here."

"How do you mean?" said Johnstone.

"We've a custom here of running steeple-chases in post-chaises."

"Oh, thank you," said Johnstone; "come, that's *too* good."

"You don't believe it, I see," said Dick; "but you did not believe the salmon fishing till you saw it."

"Oh, come now! How the deuce could you leap a ditch in a post-chaise?"

"I never said we leaped ditches; I only said we rode steeple-chases. The system is this: you go for a given point, taking high-road, by-road, plain, or lane, as the case may be, making the best of your way how you can. Now, our horses in this conntry are celebrated for being good swimmers, so it's a favorite plan to shirk a bridge sometimes by swimming a river."

"But no post-chaise will float," said Johnstone, regularly arguing against Dick's mendacious absurdity.

"Oh! we're prepared for that here. The chaises are made light, have cork bottoms, and all the solid work is made hollow, the doors are made water-tight, and if the stream runs strong the passenger jumps out and swims."

"But that's not fair," said Johnstone: "it alters the weight."

"Oh! it's allowed on both sides," said Dick, "so it's all the same. It's as good for the goose as the gander."

"I wather imagine it is much fitter for geese and ganders than human beings. I know I should wather be a goose on the occasion."

"Well, I think you'd have a good chance," said Dick.

All this time they were nearing the party on shore, and as the post-chaise became more developed, so did the personages on the bank of the river; and amongst these Dick Dawson saw Handy Andy in the custody of two men, and Squire O'Grady shaking his fist in his face and storming at him. How all this party came there it is necessary to explain. When Handy Andy had deposited Johnstone at Merryvale, he drove back to pick up the fallen postilion and his brother on the road; but before he reached them he had to pass a public house—I say *had* to pass—but he did'nt. Andy stopped, as every honorable postilion is bound to do, to drink the health of the gentleman who gives him the last half-crown; and he was so intent on "doing that same," as they say in Ireland, that Andy's driving became very equivocal afterwards. In short, he drove the post-chaise into the river; the horses got disentangled by kicking the traces, which were very willing to break, into pieces,—and Andy, by sticking to the neck of the horse he rode, got out of the water. The horses got home without the post-chaise, and the other post-chaise and pair got home without a postilion, so that Owny Doyle was roused from his bed by the neighing of the horses at the gate of the inn. Great was his surprise at the event, as half clad and a candle in his hand, he saw two pair of horses, one chaise, and no driver at his door. The next morning the plot thickened; Squire O'Grady came to know if a gentleman had arrived at the town on his way to Neck-or-nothing Hall. The answer was in the affirmative. Then "where was he?" became a question. Then the report arrived of the post-chaise being upset in the river. Then came stories of postilions falling off, of postilions being changed, of Handy Andy being employed to take the gentleman to the place—and out of these materials the story became current that "an English gentleman was dhrowned in the river in a post-chaise." O'Grady set off directly with a party to have the river dragged, and near the spot, encountering Handy Andy, he ordered him to be seized, and accused him of murdering his friend.

It was in this state of things that the boats approached the party on the land, and the moment Dick Dawson saw Handy Andy, he put out his oars, and pulled away as hard as he could. At the moment he did so, Andy caught sight of him, and pointing out Johnstone and Dick to O'Grady, he shouted, "There he is!—there he is!—I never murdhered him!—There he is—stop him!—Misther Dick, stop for the love o' God!"

"What is all this about?" said Johnstone in great amazement.

"Oh, he's a process server," said Dick; "the people are going to drown him maybe."

"To dwown him!" said Johnstone in horror.

"If he has luck," said Dick, "they'll only give him a good ducking; but we had better have nothing to do with it. I would not like you to be engaged in one of these popular riots."

"I shouldn't welish it," said Johnstone.

"Pull away, Dick!" said Murphy; "let them kill the blackguard if they like."

"But will they kill him weally?" inquired Johnstone, somewhat horrified.

"'Faith, it's just as the whim takes them," said Murphy; "but as we wish to be popular on the hustings, we must let them kill as many as they please."

Andy still shouted loud enough to be heard. "Misther Dick, they're goin' to murdher me!"

"Poor wetch!" said Johnstone, with a very uneasy shudder.

"Maybe you'd think it right for us to land and rescue him," said Murphy.

"Oh, by no means," said Johnstone. "You're better acquainted with the customs of the countwy than I am."

"Then we'll row back to dinner as fast as we can," said Murphy.

Bentley's Miscellany for March.

AN IRISH OYSTER-EATER'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

SOME OF HIS SPORTING TRANSACTIONS.

"I never uses a *h*animal so,
Cos that I thinks below me;
But if I had a donkey what wouldn't *go*,
If I didn't wallop him—blow me!"—*Costermonger's Song.*

Equestrian reader, have you ever done any thing in horse flesh? We do not desire to be construed to enquire whether you may possibly be engaged in the cat's-meat line, or to insinuate that you are a costermonger, but simply, in the ordinary acceptation, of the bargain and sale of that noble animal, the horse. Are you on the turf! Then I need not explain, at your erudite comprehension, the art and mystery to give and take the long odds knowingly, to make a "book," to "handicap," and to "*hedge.*" You know a thing—or, it may be two; you can *stick* the best friend you have in the world in the sale of a charger, or of a thoroughbred mare "to carry a lady;" you are aware of the trivial distinction between sweepstakes and beefsteaks—in short, you are "up to ginger." Enough; I know you, as the pickpocket said to the dealer in handkerchiefs!

"I say, Tim, what's the name of the day of the week?"

"Auction day," replied Timothy, whose conceptions of the Roman hebdomadal nomenclature were less vivid than those arising immediately out of his learned profession. "Auction day," repeated Timothy, with emphasis, rubbing as he said it, a couple of curbs in the hollow of his left hands, with the palm of his tight. "Busy day, d'ye think?"

Timothy redoubled the friction of his palms, as if to intimate, by that particular hieroglyphic, what a very busy day auction day was likely to be.

It was in the sporting coffee-room of the Connaught Rangers' Imperial Hotel, in St. Stephen's Green, that this remarkable conversation took place, on the—I love to be particular about dates—on the fourteenth day of ——; and this reminds me that I am bound, in courtesy, to indulge the ignorant reader in a digression of and concerning St. Stephen's Green.

St. Stephen's Green is the most spacious square in Europe—or, for all I know of to the contrary, any where else—having in the middle a large green meadow, cut as artificially as possible into disagreeable promenades, and surrounded on all sides with a visible horizon of bricks and mortar. In the centre of the green meadow is a pedestal—on the top of the pedestal the image of a horse—and on the top of the horse, a likeness of a kingly crown rides on the whole apparatus, bearing the same relation to the space wherein it is enclosed, as a midge might be supposed to bear to an elephant. This the Dublin architects do for effect. By the same rule, a colossal monument to the undying Nelson is hemmed in by a long-winded double row of brick and mortar; and when the great pyramid comes to Dublin, it is to be deposited, by the same rule, in the canal docks—all for effect! There is no great uniformity in the structures that circumscribe the amplitude of St. Stephen's Green; on the contrary, they possess, in an eminent degree, all that picturesqueness of effect which is ever the result of variety. You build your house four stories high, a friend to the right pushes his edifice up to six, while your neighbour to the left sits down modestly contented with three. Here, you see a neat Magdalen Asylum, with, under its left wing, a battered old house of too good reputation; there, a gorgeous palace rises from a terrace of steps as long and as lofty as Jacob's ladder; next door to it, the original cabbage shop. This is the town mansion of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin; that, of Flanagan the tripe-scourer. Here domiciles the gripe-gut Chancellor Hannibal, whose jolter-headed progeny have at last, we congratulate tax-payers, attained to all the public plunder which it is intended to bestow upon them, for the sake of the man who "never had nor made a friend:" and there—which is of much more importance to the progress of my personal narrative—is located the vast emporium of Mr. Spicer of the Auction Mart, and Universal National Horse Repository.

It was, as I have said, in the sporting coffeeroom of the Connaught Rangers' Imperial Hotel, that the above-recorded conversation was held between Mr. Bodkin of Bodkin Bog, in the county of Galway, who has been already introduced to the curious reader as the gentleman horse-jockey for whom my respected mother kept house, and a very near relative of that illustriously ruinous family, the Snakes of Galway. Mr. Snake Bodkin was standing, with the ends of his coat tail in his fists, the latter being, for greater convenience, crammed into the depths of his splendid "excusables," with his back to the fire, airing something—no matter what. The knees of his "excusables" had the usual number of button-holes, but a lamentable lack of buttons, the deficiency whereof was supplied by untanned thongs, which encircled the leg, retaining, with difficulty, a pair of mahogany-coloured "tops," that had never tasted oxalic acid.

The neck of this gentleman was enveloped by a striped silk "bandany," the ends much worn and tagged, and at the particular crisis of which I speak, considerably irrigated by occasional submersion, together with the wearer's empimpled proboscis, in a magnanimous tumbler of "something short." A double-breasted seal-skin vest, retained by pea-green glass buttons set in brass, over a coarse, but not clean shirt, whose plaits, hardly held together by an old-fashioned cornelian brooch, partially exposed a hirsute thorax of brawny latitude. The coat was a cut-away, that had once been bottle-green, and the castor, a broad-brim of provincial manufacture.

Mr. Timothy Crick, the hero of the curbs, and second person of the dialogue, was born at that memorable emporium of horse-flesh, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, whence he thought proper to emigrate, in company of a Bow Street officer, who had come down to Ashby on a visit, in consequence of some ill-natured reports touching a halter accidentally found in a pasture-field by Timothy, who had been passing, quite promiscuous, as a body may say; but who unconsciously took the halter to a neighbouring fair, "and then, and there," as the snuffling clerk of the arraigns proceeded officially to observe, "not having before his eyes the fear of our Sovereign Lord the King, did, feloniously, wittingly, knowingly, and with malice aforethought, dispose of, alienate, and sell, for good and valuable consideration, all that, and those the halter, cord, yarn, rope, twine, pack-thread, hawser, cable and so forth, as aforesaid, value five farthings, be the same more or less, of good and lawful moneys of our Sovereign Lord the King, defender of the faith, *et cetera*, as aforesaid."

Did you ever hear a more scientific libel on the character of an innocent man?

The weak point in Timothy's case, as he often assured me himself, was the unforseen accident of a horse becoming somehow entangled with the end of the three-halfpenny rope which cuts such a figure in the indictment, a circumstance exciting such strong suspicion in the minds of the jury, that they hinted through their foreman their unanimous opinion that Timothy, who stood behind the spikes of the dock a picture of injured innocence, had stolen a horse, whereupon the judge earnestly recommended Mr. Crick to turn his attention to Botany—assuring him, at the same time, that the climate was delightful, and that His Majesty, out of regard to his scientific attainments, had been graciously pleased to provide him with apartments in the neighbourhood of Woolwich, until a frigate could be prepared for his adequate accommodation to Australia.

Upon this, Mr. Crick, seeing himself fairly logged, made a rejoinder as polite as the invitation of the learned judge, "assuring his lordship, that he (Mr. Crick) was very fond of natural science, and Botany in particular, and would certainly take the earliest opportunity of sending his lordship a live rhinoceros." The Court acknowledged this civility by bursts of uncontrollable laughter, which the crier, as soon as his lordship had laughed it out, sought to repress by erecting his little, round, polished nob, and crying "silence" with a loud voice: while the clerk of the arraigns proceeded to read through his nose, from three sheep-skins tacked tail to tail, a rigmarole purporting to be the indictment against Miss Cypriana Max, a desolate orphan of eleven years of age, for embezzling a bit of pickled pork, value threepence.

How Mr. Crick conducted himself in Australia, and in what manner he returned therefrom, I would in this place fully inform the reader, if a forthcoming fashionable novel had not been announced by a very eminent person, wherein will be introduced, in conjunction with Mr. Crick, divers famous highwaymen and journeymen pickpockets, under the attractive title of "THE HULKS; or the Leicestershire Horse Stealer."

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead" who can perambulate a race-course, riding-school, horse fair, or repository of whatever denomination, without an exulting glow of gratified admiration at the favourable aspect of human nature which such scenes present? Here the philanthropist may wear his heart upon his sleeve—there is no selfishness, trickery, or falsehood,—to wound him here—all is candour, truth, and honour. Regard that friendly group of country dealers standing up to their knees in the litter—amiable men!—devoting the energy of their lives with more than Arabian fidelity to the interests of that noble animal the horse—when he grows old, they renew the days of his youth—when he gets "groggy," they blister and fire him over and over again—when he is past sale, they hire him out by the job—and when he is past a job, they hand him over to the tender mercies of the knacker—generous souls! As they pass from lip to lip that pot of "Combe's Entire," a bland expression of mistrustless affection towards each other plays over their expanded features; one by one, as they slowly withdraw the generous fluid from their lips, a sigh of sympathy escapes them for the misfortunes of humanity; and when the tankard is once more replenished, from ear to ear expands a grin of universal philanthrophy from pole to pole! If any be sceptical, I recommend him to visit Smithfield market on a Friday, between the hours of two and four in the afternoon—then is Smithfield in its glory, and all alive with donkey-dealers, costermongers, cruelty-to-animals-men, dog-cart drivers, cats-meat speculators, and knackers. Pause awhile, and attend to the unshaven blackguard in the greasy smock-frock, who is chaffering with that enterprising knacker—what emphasis in every blow he lays on the blind old animal, patiently awaiting, with drooping head and downcast ears, the issue of the argument—with what sincerity he invokes eternal damnation if he can take less tan "fifteen bob," and hopes he may be struck dead on the spot if the skin alone is not worth the money!—observe three generous youths belabouring with all their united force the head of that aged donkey, as if he were a mere Frenchman, and shut your unwilling ears, if you can, to the unnatural imprecations that issue from their lips;—now, sir, if your curiosity is satisfied, return home through Cock Lane with a better opinion of human nature—exulting that you live in moral England, and have the happiness to be a true-born Briton.

"Horses look well, Timothy?" enquired Mr. Bodkin of Bodkin Bog.

"Unkimmon well—never seed 'em look so well," was the gratifying reply.

"Bay mare don't bark?"

"Only sneezes a little," said the compliant Tim.

"You have entered her all sound, of course?" enquired the master.

"As a trout," replied the man.

"You'll stick to that?"

"Swear to it," rejoined the uncompromising Timothy, "for a tanner."

"What's the time at Spicer's?"

"Sharp one, and no mistake."

"Will you take any thing?" said Mr. Bodkin, insinuatingly.

"I don't mind if I do have half a pint," assented Mr. Crick, with the native modesty peculiar to that gentleman.

Leaving Mr. Crick to imbibe the half pint at his leisure, the sporting reader will take his gloves and whip, and accompany me across the Green to the emporium of Mr. Spicer.

Mr. Spicer was a great man—morally, physically, and socially, a very great man. Morally, as the supreme judge of appeal in all matters controverted among rival horse-choppers; physically, as measuring four feet six, in the clear, from shoulder-blade to shoulder-blade, and one foot nine round the small of the leg; socially, as a house-holder, bachelor, man of fortune, vice president of the Cork-Screw Club, and patron of the Jolly Tipplers' Benevolent Drunken Association.

That Mr. Spicer was not elected to the vice-presidency of the Cork-Screw Club without adequate qualification for that high office, might be inferred from one single glance at the vast expanse of his leuco-phlegmatic countenance, rounded superiorly into a knob of a head, over which was flattened a thin stratum of coal-black hair, coming down very low on the forehead, and cut square just over the eyebrows. Below, the visage of Mr. Spicer expanded into concentric circles, radiating from a central dimple, and forming a series of independent chins, the inferior chin of all settling down like a dewlap, without the intervention of that often inconvenient appendage—a neck upon shoulders of which I have heretofore described the measured latitude.

The privation of a neck economized to Mr. Spicer considerable sums in the article of neckcloths,—a fancy article with gentlemen of his learned profession, but which he was enabled altogether to dispense with, wearing his shirt collar Byronically tied in front with a slip of black ribbon, which gave to the countenance and chins of Mr. Spicer a highly romantic and Werterlike appearance. His coat was pepper-and-salt, with waistcoat to match; pocket-holes that you might easily dive into, well begrimmed round the orifices with snuff; black bone buttons, as big as a crown piece, mounted the coat, and half-crown buttons of the same answered to the waistcoat. On ordinary occasions, Mr. Spicer sported a pair of Isabella coloured moleskin "shorts," with mahogany "tops;" but on auction days his nether toggery consisted of white-ribbed cords, and tops of the same innocent colour, with massive chain spurs of solid silver, and boot leathers of bran-new chamois. I can safely say there was nothing of the Quaker about Mr. Spicer, save the style of his hat and cut of his coat, both which articles Mrs. Fry herself must have confessed to be orthodox.

His dexter mauley, not much unlike a brown quartern loaf, sported a silver-mounted waggoner's whip, with a lash as long as to-day and to-morrow. Many a playful cut of it I have got, when loitering about the "ride" with my newspapers; and, when used *con amore*, that whip I have seen take a bit out of a horse's buttock as cleverly as a butter-taster scoops a sample from a suspicious firkin.

When I looked on the shoulders and calf of Mr. Spicer, I admired him as a man; when I heard that he could imbibe sixteen tumblers of whisky punch, without any other external indication than a slight inspissation of speech, I reverenced him as a hero; but when I came to be informed that he "banked" a thousand a-month, clear of all expenses, I was ready to fall down before him in the litter, and worship the moneyed divinity.

The emporium of this Mæcenas of horse-jockeys was as wonderful a concern as the Mæcenas himself. As we say of the Cove of Cork, that it can harbour the whole navy of Britain, so we might observe of Mr. Spicer's establishment, that it could stable the entire cavalry of the line. Here stood the riding school—there blew the everlasting bellows of the busy forge. Every where gallery opened into gallery, extending to such a vast expanse of tenanted stalls, that you would have sworn, like the Irishman and the chain cable, that somebody had cut the other end off the stabling! But the "ride," as the space whereon the animals for sale display their points and action is technically styled, was the centre of attraction. Here we assembled Lord Miltown, Lord Howth, Colonel Westenra, Mr. Maher, and the other magnates of the Irish turf;—here was the grand resort of the provincial dealers of the sister island—while the dashing embroidery of the Light Dragoons, the massive toggery, and double hilted sabres of the "Heavies," the braided undress frocks and light-blue trowsers of the Horse Artillery Brigade, and the aristocratic yet unobtrusive undress of the Guardsmen, gave to the varied scene the gaiety and animation of a ball-room.

The conversation I have recorded between Mr. Bodkin and his faithful familiar Mr Crick, and which came to my ears while waiting upon the former gentleman with a copy of that excellent and independent paper, the *Morning Register*, induced me to attend at the emporium of Mr. Spicer, at the hour prescribed for the commencement of the auction, where I arrived just as a very natty gentleman was settling himself in the pulpit, hammer in hand. The natty gentleman was of a florid, well-fed, strong-ale complexion, with regular features and well brushed whiskers to match—exceeding nice in his dress, and unexceptionable in the tie of his birds-eye fogle—a gold chain peeped out of the right pocket of his cut velvet waistcoat, and disappeared suddenly under the waistband of his drab cassimeres.

The gentleman was no other than Mr. Gingersall, a relative of the gentleman of the same name, not altogether unknown at the west end of the town, who had recently arrived from London—like a bottle of genuine Cogniac—"neat as imported."

Mr. Gingersall was at last fairly settled in his pulpit, and had given the leaves of his sermon—we beg pardon, his catalogue—a preliminary flourish; the registrar of sales sat in the reader's desk, with a pen stuck over his dexter auditory organ, impatient to catch the first fall of Mr. Gingersall's hammer, and to take the deposit accordingly.

Mr. Gingersall stroked his whiskers, with great complacency—gave a sudden glance behind his pulpit—then addressed himself to the audience. But, before we explain what he said to the audience, it is necessary, for the proper development of this true picture of life, to expound wherefore Mr. Gingersall did look behind him.

Immediately in the rear of Mr. Gingersall's pulpit was the stable, whence horses intended for that day's sale were led out to "the ride." For the convenience of the owners of such horses whose excessive modesty might preclude their appearance among the congregated bidders, a casement communicating with the pulpit of the auctioneer was built into the stable wall, where confidential communications, not intended for the vulgar ear, might pass unheard between the counsel and his client in the progress of the cause.

It was to this casement, that Mr. Gingersall turned for information respecting the first lot—having received a preliminary poke in the short rib from a whip handle, which I had observed to be guided by no meaner hand than that of Mr. Snake Bodkin of Bodkin Bog.

"Very well," said Mr. Gingersall, impatiently, in answer to the poke in the short rib, "I understand."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Gingersall, turning to the attentive audience, "lot number one is a bay mare, four years off, fifteen hands and a half high, quiet to ride"——

"And drive," whispered Mr. Bodkin, through the casement, with another poke at the auctioneer's short rib.

"Quiet to ride and to drive," continued Mr. Gingersall, wincing under the application of Mr. Bodkin's whip handle, "got by Phosphorus, dam by Phenomenon, out of a Filho-da-Puta mare, grandam by the Sligo Waxy, out of Comet, by Eclipse."

"Run her down," said Mr. Spicer, cracking his whip.

The bay mare was run down accordingly, but before she got the second run a gentleman stopped her to make a more particular examination; and, to my great astonishment, disclosed the examining party as no other, although totally metamorphosed in dress, than the hero of the curb-chains, the identical Mr. Timothy Crick.

"What shall we say to begin with, Mr. Horseman," observed the natty auctioneer, addressing Mr. Crick, who, I perceived, had left off his patronymic with his stable dress.

"Fifty, to begin with," replied Mr. Horseman, *alias* Crick, with unblushing effrontery.

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Gingersall, in a high unvaried key, fifty pounds is bid, to begin with, for this celebrated bay mare, four years off, fifteen hands and a half high, quiet to ride and to drive, got by Phosphorus, dam by Phenomenon, out of a Filho-da-Puta mare, grandam by the Sligo Waxy, out of Comet, by Eclipse."

"Warranted sound," said Mr. Bodkin, *sotto voce*, with another dig at the ribs of the auctioneer.

"Warranted sound in every particular," echoed Mr. Gingersall, with a loud voice; whereupon the bay mare gave an ominous cough, as much as to say that Mr. Gingersall lied in his teeth.

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Gingersall, rather disconcerted, for it was his first appearance, as George Robins would have said, before an Irish audience; "I need not, gentlemen, dwell upon the qualities of that excellent bay mare, which I am about to sacrifice, if there is no advance, for the paltry consideration of a poor fifty pounds—look at her action, gentlemen."

"Run her down once more," observed Mr. Spicer.

The bay mare had another run accordingly, and the veriest old applewoman on the "ride" must have observed, as the bay mare came up, that she was dead lame on the off fore leg.

"Look at her action, gentlemen," repeated Mr. Gingersall.

A rather satirical laugh was the reply of the auditory to this polite invitation, which completely threw the auctioneer off his balance. He stroked his whiskers as usual, but could not get out another word.

"To be sold without reserve," whispered Mr. Bodkin, digging with his whip at the discomfited auctioneer, as he stood cress-fallen in the pulpit.

"Confound your blood!" exploded Mr. Gingersall, losing temper and patience together, "what do you mean?"

"Never mind," said Mr. Bodkin, with great nonchalance;" go on with your auction, my Cockney!"

"*Eternal flames!*" ejaculated the Cockney, taking deadly aim at Mr. Bodkin's head with his hammer, with which he would doubtless have annihilated the owner of Bodkin Bog, had not that gentleman, with great presence of mind, shifted his devoted person to one side, and thus created a vacancy for Mr. Gingersall, who, losing his centre of gravity in the vehemence of his passion, precipitated himself head foremost out of the pulpit, through the open casement, into the stable below, exactly as harlequin in the pantomime disappears through the Post-office letter-box.

Screams of laughter followed this evolution of Mr. Gingersall, nor was it until the last laugher had laughed his last, that some of the officers present thought of sending their compliments to know whether the auctioneer had broke his neck—to which friendly interrogatory the squashed Mr. Gingersall replied, in terms which I cannot bring myself to recapitulate to ears polite. Another auctioneer was speedily procured, and the business of that day's sale proceeded without farther interruption.

On the same evening, the bay mare, Mr. Timothy Crick, your very obedient and most humble servant, and the unfortunate Mr. Gingersall, embarked for Parkgate, the former with a view of exhibiting the points and action of that invaluable daughter of Phosphorus, by Phenomenon, at the ensuing Chester fair—and the latter, with a no less laudable ambition of exhibiting his own points and action about the west end of the town. Mr. Bodkin invited me to accompany Mr. Crick in a fancy dress—in short, I was to appear in a fictitious character, Mr. Bodkin kindly promising to pay my expenses, which, I need hardly tell the reader, have not been paid to this day.

As I was naturally desirous of seeing foreign parts, I consented, and forthwith alienated my newspaper property to an old Waterloo pensioner, with an introduction to all my customers, for the good and valuable consideration of four-and-six-pence, the odd sixpence having been drunk in the progress of the negotiation—then, having taken a respectful leave of the kind-hearted billiard-marker and his affectionate family, I stepped on board the vessel, and saw the far-famed attractions of Dublin bay fade gradually upon the sight, without any very tender emotion, satisfied that I was quit of an impoverished and distracted country, and that wherever fortune might kick me, I might possibly do better, but could by no human possibility do worse.

I shall ever remember, as one of the most pleasing sensations of my life, the first spring I made from the side of the vessel upon English ground. It was like taking possession of some newly discovered territory, whence I was ultimately to reap employments, honors, and rewards. I planted my foot firmly on the sod, as if taking a hold, and screamed out, "Rule Britannia," with such pulmonary intensity, that our skipper ordered the cabin steward to let me have a buiscuit and glass of grog, protesting with a miscellany of imprecations, that he considered me equal to a trump!

Heavens! if the mere touch of British ground can thus thrill a stranger from the sole of the foot to the crown of his head—a poor friendless blackguard, in a stable dress—what must be the sensations of a Percy, a Talbot, a Cecil, or a Paget, as they spring upon the bosom of that time-honored and reverend soil, whose history is made up of the deeds of their noble sires, and whose glory has been over and over again attested by their enemies' blood.

With what emotions must they not behold the grey cliffs of Albion rise from the lap of her ocean mother, and her subject—with what subdued yet intense exultation do they not regard the "guardian giants that prowl around her coast" —with what repture do they not behold returning from afar the long-remembered faces of countrymen and friends!

On our way to Chester fair, Mr. Crick, who had dropped the patronimic of Horseman, the daughter of Phosphorus, and myself, had occasion to bait, gin and water, and bread and cheese, at the small but not unromantic village of Guttlebelly West, where the daughter of Phosphorus excited, in the stable-yard of the Fighting Cocks, no little attention from several gentlemen in the coaching line, who were then and there assembled to assist at an auction of "fast mechiners" advertised for that very day.

"The fast machiners having been auctioned off, as high as the moon, to my thinking, the anxiety to see the daughter of Phosphorus was so loudly and generally expressed, that Mr. Crick, like Lord John Russell, did not feel himself at liberty to refuse his assent to the unequivocal expression of the wishes of the House, and the daughter of Phosphorus was unclothed and led out into the stable-yard accordingly.

Loud and general was the expression of approbation among the assembled coach proprietors of the points of the bay mare,—such bone, sinew, and shape—so much strength combined with so much symmetry,—nothing now remained but to form an accurate conception of her action, and for this purpose, the assembled coach-owners requested Mr. Crick, as a favor, to run her up a little. This that gentleman peremptorily declined,—the mare had been shown to the gentlemen, and praised by the gentlemen, which he (Mr. Crick) was grateful to behold; he would do any thing to oblige so many gentlemen *what* was there assembled, but the thing was unpossible, Lord Jersey's second head groom being, no doubt, by this time in waiting at Chester, with the "*tin*" to pay for the daughter of Phosphorus;—run her up, therefore, he would not, and run her up, therefore, he could not. Upon this, one or two of the coach-owners, nettled at the preference which Timothy appeared inclined to bestow upon the noble Lord, hazarded a not altogether unreasonable assertion, that their "money might be as good as my Lord's;" at which Mr. Crick incontinently pricked up his ears, declaring, for his part, that if he could get his price at Guttlebelly West, he would save himself a journey to Chester; and he dared to say that his master, the Earl of Clangallahar, did not care a damn whether the daughter of Phosphorus was disposed of to the Pope, the devil, or the pretender. This manly declaration of Mr. Crick, tickled the assembled coach-owners mightily, who thereupon reapeated their wish to have an opportunity of seeing how the daughter of Phosphorus could go. The faithful Timothy having discovered a lane well strewed with litter, leading from the stable-yard to the farm, assented to the wishes of the assembled coach-owners, and ran the daughter of Phosphorus cautiously up and down, where he well knew the slight "thrush," under which that noble animal had the misfortune to labor, could in no wise be perceptible. When the bay mare poked down her head, the usual preliminary to the emission of her constitutional cough, I observed an agony of perspiration breaking over Timothy's brow,—when she raised her head without coughing, he wiped off the sweat with the cuff of his stable-jacket, like a man reprived.

"Will she take a five-foot gate;" enquired one of the assembled coach-owners?

"Will a duck swim?"—replied the unblushing Timothy.

"Is she sound?"—was the enquiry of another of the assembled coach-owners.

"Sound in every respect—wind and limb," was the prompt rejoinder.

"Gentle?" demanded a third assembled coach-owner.

"Gentle!" ejaculated Mr. Crick, in that undefinable, but very characteristic tone of voice, in which one gentleman may be supposed to express his opinion of the absurd question put by another.

"Gentle!—*a* infant at the breast may ride her—gentle!" for the third and last time, ejaculated Crick, dismounting and caressing, with the tenderest affection, before the assembled coach-owners, the invaluable daughter of Phosphorus, beginning at her head, and ending, to show his unsuspecting confidence in her temper, by stooping directly behind the heels of the infernal beast, who, lifting her accursed hoof, which Crick was gently stroking, struck the poor unfortunate fellow right in the umbelical region with such vindictive emphasis, that he went spinning, heels over head, against the kitchen door of the Fighting Cocks, where he lay doubled up like a wet sack. Recovering somewhat, he raised himself with difficulty, on his feet, and holding one hand on his injured abdomen, he walked in the attitude of a man suffering under a wind colic, over to the perfidious daughter of Phosphorus, when, gently stroking her neck before the assembled coach-owners, as if nothing unpleasant had ever passed between them, he faintly articulated, *oh! you playful rogue!*

The assembled coach-owners turned away, heartily sick of the daughter of Phosphorus, and taking no pains to conceal their indignation; while the faithful Timothy sneaked to the hay-loft, where I soon after attended upon him.

"Pat, I'm a dead dog!" piteously ejaculated the poor fellow.

"Don't say so, Timothy," said I; for I was rather *green* at the time, and could not behold the death even of a horse-jockey without emotion.

"I'm cat's meat," added the dying man, pathetically.

"I'll go for a doctor, Timothy dear?" said I, wringing the hands of the expiring horse-jockey.

"I won't be hurried," said Tim, with an attempt at a wink, which plainly indicated his words as a cut at the faculty.

"Pat," said my poor friend, faintly.

"What is it, my poor fellow?" said I, squeezing his hand, as the tears hailed off my face.

"Promise me this one thing."

"I will," replied I; "so help me"——

"*Tell Bodkin I did my best.*"

"I—will—Tim," sobbing, I replied.

"And, Pat," continued Timothy, in a whisper, "don't—let—them—try the mare"——

Here I raised him in my arms, for the death-rattle began to gurgle in his throat——

"*She's a roarer!*" he faintly ejaculated, and expired.

Blackwood's Magazine, for March, 1839.

An Antinomian one day called on the late eccentric Rowland Hill, to bring him to an account for his too severe and legal gospel. "Do you hold the Ten Commandments to be a rule of life of Christians?" said Rowland. "Certainly not," replied the visitor. The minister rang the bell, and on the servant making his appearance, he quietly added, "John, show that man the door, and keep your eye on him until he is beyond the reach of every article of wearing apparel, or other property, in the hall."

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

We are gratified in being able to announce that arrangements are in progress to place the Northern Turf upon a footing of more inviting respectability and attraction. Many of our most distinguished citizens have volunteered their aid, and on all hands it is resolved to prosecute the ensuing campaign with new energy and spirit. A numerous Committee has resolved on convening a meeting on Wednesday the 24th instant, and a sub-committee has also been appointed to lay before it such plans, as in their judgment will further the objects in view. This committee will hereafter designate the place of meeting, and make arrangements for the dinner. The names of the committee alone ensure a successful result, and we trust to see every lover of the manly sports of the Turf, in attendance at the meeting on the 24th. In our next publication we hope to give the details, and invite the co-operation of our citizens generally.

Portsmouth vs. Boston.—We are desired by Mr. Hare, the proprietor of the Newmarket Course, to state that on the 28th ult. he received a letter from Mr. John C. Rogers, the principal in the match on the part of Portsmouth, in which that gentleman declares that he shall be on the ground prepared to run it, as advertised. The odds in this city are 2 to 1 that it will not come off. The last Petersburgh "Intelligencer" states that "there is no doubt of the match coming off as advertised."

Loss of Blood Stock.—A letter from Tennessee, dated the 17th ult., informs us that "*Lucy*, the own sister to Leviathan, was thrown overboard in the late disastrous gale, with nine others, the property of different individuals." Lucy was owned by Lucius J. Polk, Esq. of Hamilton Place, near Mount Pleasant, Tenn. and was insured; nevertheless her loss will be sincerely regretted by Mr. P. We presume the stock were on shipboard a few days out of Liverpool, when this sad disaster occurred. No other particulars have been furnished us.

There was an *on dit* current at Baltimore last Monday, that *Mediator* was amiss. Portsmouth and Omega, in the stable, were going "in fine style; they are likely to carry off the Norfolk purses without much opposition.

We are glad to hear that *Lady Cliffden* is moving like a bird, indicating every ability to fight her battles o'er again, like a trump, as she is.

A gentleman who lately visited Mr. Boardman's Breeding Stud, at Huntsville, Ala., writes us that it is flourishing finely. Seven foals have made their appearance, four by Imp. Consol, and three by Imp. Berners' Comus; ten or eleven more are expected.

Van Leer was to leave Augusta, Ga. on the 26th ult., with Messrs. Stevens' regiment of cavalry, passing through Milledgeville, Macon, and Columbus—from thence across the country to Huntsville, Ala., expecting to call a halt at Nashville, Tenn. The horses were looking so well that some of them will probably "show" at the races on their winding way. Van Leer has sold *Equinox* (ch. c. 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles), to Powell McRa, Esq. of Manchester, S. C., and *Seminole* to Dr. Leveritch, of Augusta. *Terrific*, the Black Maria colt, Van Leer has still in his hands.

J. M. Pindell, Esq. of Lexington, has engaged David Palmer as trainer, for the ensuing season. Palmer, who is a clever man, was raised on Long Island, and will make a noise one of these days. He has taken up ten or twelve young things, and though he has to overcome the difficulties attendant upon a training stable made up of green horses, green riders and rubbers, we trust he will render a good account of it before the close of the campaign.

John G. Perry, of St. Francisville, La., has purchased *Webster*, for $2000, of Mr. Berryman, of Ky. Webster is a 2 yr. old chesnut colt by Medoc, out of Sthreshley's dam by Paragon.

Thos. J. Wells, Esq. of Alexandria, La. has sold his 4 yr. old Leviathan colt, *George Elliott*, out of a Lawrence mare, for $1000, to Hugh Carlin, Esq., of the same state.

Tables of winning Horses.—We are still busily engaged upon these laborious compilations, which require such time and care and patience, as would astonish the reader had he any conception of them. When in type they may look like articles easily got up, occupying but a page or two, more or less. But the bare writing upon them, transcribing from papers and magazines, and arranging and re-arranging is enough to give employment to a scrivener for months. And yet the task is such that it is impossible to entrust it to any such individual. The Two Mile Table will appear next week, barring accidents, and the One Mile a fortnight thereafter. A complete list of English Winning Horses will also be given at an early day.

Imported Leviathan.—Perhaps no horse in the country has been more laughed at and ridiculed than the magnificent stallion whose name graces the head of this paragraph. His detractors will perchance be necessitated to laugh on the other side of their mouths. That many of his get during his first few seasons were leggy, weedy things, is not to be disputed; it was owing mainly, in our opinion, to the fact of his being let to such an enormous number of mares. He is now limited to sixty, we believe, at $150, and we shall be sadly mistaken if among the dozens of "flyers" he annually turns out, there is not a smart sprinkling of cracks that will go a distance. At this moment his get are at the "head of the heap" at the South West, running all distances in a style that would have conferred credit upon Sir Archy himself. We congratulate his owners most heartily on his success.

Alert, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Clara Howard's dam, and *Eudora*, both the property of H. M. Clay, Esq. have been sent to Mr. Polk's recently imported horse *Ainderby*, a son of Velocipede, who was also the sire of Amato, the Queen of Trumps, and other good ones.

Fergus Duplantier, Esq., has sold to Mr. Rousseau his ch. g. *Dandy*, by Candidate, 4 yrs. old, out of Sally Harvey, for $1000.

A letter from our New Orleans correspondent per express mail, dated March 27th, informs us that *Confidence* beat *Rolla* in the Trotting Match for $3000 aside, two mile heats in harness, over the Metarie Course, on the day previous. Time the 1st heat 5:28—in the 2d Bird was distanced.

On the same day Mr. Wells' *Bee's-wing* the Leviathan crack, beat Shy's *Curculia* of Ky. by Bertrand, Garrison's *Altorf* of Va. by Imp. Fylde, and Mr. Kenner's *Greydoc*, by Medoc, in a sweepstakes for 3 yr olds, to which there were nine subscribers at $1000 each. Bee's-wing won cleverly in two heats—time 3:44—3:47, Greydoc running 2d in both heats. Our correspondent adds that *Bee's-wing* is open to a match vs. anything wearing hair, for any amount and for any distance.

"*The Young Lady's Equestrian Manual*," is the title of a neat little volume just published, containing much useful instruction to all who are desirous of riding well, but is more particularly recommended to those, who residing far from cities, cannot have the benefit of lessons at school. Riding on horseback is a most graceful and agreeable exercise, and the example of the young Queen of England has made it the fashion of the day; but no lady should attempt i without possessing confidence in herself, and some knowledge of the management of a horse. We therefore advise every one desirous of perfecting herself in the elegant and healthful art of riding to procure a copy of the "*Manual*."

A letter from "One who knows," at Richmond, informs us that *Boston* is doing finely. The writer thinks the *Portsmouth* race will be "a sure fire"—that with *The Queen*, doubtful; referring, of course, to the probability of the match taking place. The general impression, in this part of the world, is directly the reverse.

THE PEYTON STAKES.

We regret to learn that nominations No. 26, No. 9, and No. 7, all from Alabama, and No. 13 from Tennessee, are void, Miss Medley, Miss Golborne, Delight, and Doris having missed. John Boardman, Esq., of Huntsville, who nominated the produce of Miss Golborne and Berners' Comus, both imported, is anxious to make good his nomination by substituting another, and if permitted will name a br. f. by Imp. Consol out of Imp. Vamp, by Langar, just foaled.

We are desired to ask those subscribers to the Stake who have been so fortunate as to have foals, to consent to the substitution of other nominations previous to the 1st of June, when the original has proved void. We are also desired to ask their consent to re-open the Stake to new subscribers until that date.

It will be understood, we trust, that these suggestions proceed from subscribers themselves. Editorially, we have not a word to say relative to the matter, though we confess, that when a subscriber loses his nomination, if the case were our own, we should not have the slightest objection to his making it good by naming the produce of some other mare, should his be foaled.

The offer of a gentleman of Columbus, Ga., to lay $1000 on the 20th nomination (Priam and Polly Peachem,) in the "Peyton Stake" against any other one is accepted by a turfman of Kentucky and another of the Old Dominion, both of whom name No. 22, the produce of Priam and Delphine. The latter gentleman referred to, however, requires that the match shall be made half forfeit.

NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB SPRING RACES,

LOUISIANA COURSE.

The annual Spring Meeting of the Louisiana Jockey Club commenced on Wednesday, the 20th ult., and was kept up with much spirit throughout; the attendance on each day was respectable, and the sport went off with great eclat.—*Officers of the Club*:—

JOHN R. GRYMES, ESQ., PRESIDENT.

Vice Presidents,

John F. Miller, John L. Lewis, and Wm. Ruffin Barrow, Esqrs.

Secretary,

S. M. McNeil, Esq.

Timers,

John F. Miller and Thos. Eubank Leefe, Esqrs.

WEDNESDAY, March 20, 1839—Creole Purse $500, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Thos. J. Wells' (J. Chamber's) ch. c. *Oscar*, by Ulysses, dam unknown, 4 yrs	1	1
Fergus Duplantier's ch. g. *Dandy*, by Candidate, out of Sally Harvey, 4 yrs	2	2

Time, 1:49—1:51.

A very pretty and well-contested race. Oscar was the favorite at small odds, on which terms he was freely backed; he went off with the lead, which he maintained throughout, with Dandy close at his haunches, winning the heat by a neck only.

2d heat.—The horses came to the post, Dandy appearing as if he had enough. They got off well together, Oscar, as before, taking the lead; in the back-stretch Dandy went up and lapped Oscar, and the shouts that followed this movement denoted the interest of the crowd, and the result for a moment was doubtful. At this time Oscar began to let out a few additional links, and with a desperate rush parted company with Dandy, and won the heat handily.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietor's Purse $250, ent. $50, free for all ages, conditions as before. Mile heats.

Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. *Band Box*, by O'Kelly, out of Lucy Brooks by Bertrand, 2 yrs	1	1
Minor Kennor's b. c. *Duke of Orleans*, by Moses, dam by Shylock, 3 yrs	3	2
Wm. J. Minor's b. c. Imp. *Glenara*, by Rowton, out of Nell Gwynn, 2 yrs	2	3

Time, 1:51—1:51.

This race afforded great speculation and amusement. Glenara was the favorite with the crowd, though Band Box had the call with those that were in the secret. With an excellent start they got off, Glenara having the track, but Band Box took it from her at the first jump, and went away at a killing rate, leaving her competitors far in the rear; when near the last quarter, her rider took a pull on her, and allowed the others to come within speaking distance, and came home in excellent style, winning the heat, with plenty to spare.

2d heat.—The Duke took the lead at the start, which Band Box instantly deprived him of, and went along at his former rate; but he had not proceeded far before he was collared by Glenara, who made a desperate struggle for the lead, but the pace was too severe, and he soon relinquished in favor of the Duke, who made play for a short time, but soon followed the example of Glenara, allowing Band Box to win the heat and race easily.

THURSDAY, March 21—Jockey Club Purse $800, free for all ages, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Walker Thurston's ch. c. *Sthreshley*, by Medoc, dam by Paragon, 3 yrs	1	1
Minor Kenner's gr. f. *Jewess*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs	3	2
Wm. J. Minor's b. f. *Telie Doe*, by Pacific, out of Matilda by Greytail, 3 yrs	2	dr
Wm. R. Barrow's (Josh. Boswell's) b. c. *Alexander Campbell*, by Collier, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 4:08—4:14.

Telie Doe was the favorite against the field. The attendance was slim, and the day anything but promising; the track was heavy, from the rain of the previous night. At the tap of the drum the horses got off in fine order, the Jewess having the track, Telie Doe taking the lead. This heat was very interesting, and was severely contested both by Telie and Sthreshley, the Jewess laying back. In the home stretch in the last mile, the Medoc came up, and with a powerful brush passed Telie, who followed him closely to the Judges' stand at a rattling rate, Sthreshley only winning by a throat-latch. This heat, considering the state of the track, was a bruising one, the first mile being run in 2:05, and the second in 2:03.

2d heat.—On coming up for the 2d heat, it was declared that Telie Doe was drawn. The contest now resolved itself between the Medoc and the Luzborough, and by many it was supposed that the Jewess would turn the scale. With an excellent start they left the Judges' stand, Sthreshley having the lead; the Jewess collared him at the first turn, and they ran the first mile, locked, in 2:02; a blanket would have covered them. Near the first quarter in the second mile the Jewess fell back, but in the home stretch again came to the charge, and made an interesting and beautiful run home with the Medoc, he winning the heat by a length.

FRIDAY, March 22—Jockey Club Purse $1500, free for all ages, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Wm. R. Barrow's ch. c. *Joshua Bell*, by Frank, dam by Little John, 4 yrs .....walked over.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Trotting Sweepstakes under the saddle. Three subs. at $300 each; to carry 145lbs. Two mile heats.

Mr. Chase's *Rolla*	1	1
Mr. Woodruff's *Rocket*	2	2
Mr. Kendig's *Pompeii*	dist	

Time, 5:53—6:02.

This Sweepstake excited great interest, and caused much speculation in the betting. Rocket was decidedly the favorite against the field. Rolla won the first heat, all having got off with a good start, distancing Pompeii. For the 2d heat Rolla again took the lead, which he kept until he reached the back stretch in the second mile, when Rocket came up and lapped him on the inside. At this juncture they both broke, and for a moment came to a stand-still; at last they got under way, Rolla taking the lead, which he kept throughout.

SATURDAY, March 23—Jockey Club Purse $2000, ent. $200, free for all ages, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs.	1	1
Thos. J. Wells' b. c. *George Elliott*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Lawrence, 4 yrs	dist.	
John F. Miller's (James Shy's) b. c. *Kavanagh*, by Bertrand, dam by Director, 4 yrs	dr.	

Time, 7:57½.

A large concourse assembled to witness this race; the day was beautiful, but little sport was expected, Wagner being the favorite at immense odds. Kavannagh was withdrawn previous to the race, leaving the contest between the Leviathan and Wagner. Wagner went off with the lead, and kept it for the first three quarters; on the last turn George came up and passed, and led throughout, Wagner close up. In the 3d mile the Virginia crack had it entirely his own way, leading at a moderate rate, but at the commencement of the 4th round Wagner's rider received his orders for a distance, and off he went, like a bird, running the mile in 1:51, distancing the Leviathan with ease.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Pacing Match $500, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jack	1	1	1
Fan	2	2	2

Time, 2:47—2:46—2:41.

FIFTH DAY, March 24—The Louisiana Plate, value $1000, free for all ages, 5 yr. olds and over, 100lbs.—4 yr. olds and under, their appropriate weights. Two mile heats.

Minor Kenner's b. h. *Richard of York*, by Star, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs	1	1
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs	3	2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. m. *Fanny Wright*, by Bertrand, out of Marcella by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs	2	3

Time, 3:46—3:44.

There was a general turn-out to witness this day's racing. The stands were crowded, and the carriages, and the concourse of spectators about the enclosure, presented a picture of great splendor. The day was delightful, but warm, and nothing occurred to mar the general harmony.

They got off with a good start, Glorvina taking the lead, followed closely by Fanny Wright, Richard a few lengths behind, under a hard pull. On the back stretch Fanny passed Glorvina, and kept her position the first mile, running it in 1:53. After passing the Judges' stand in the 2d round, Richard took the lead, with Fanny close up. The contest was now exciting, and it was an entire brush all the way round to the post, Richard winning by a length.

2d heat.—Richard was now the favorite at large odds. Again they had an excellent start, Richard and Fanny going off neck and neck; Glorvina soon came up, and away they went at a tell-tale pace, running the 1st mile in 1:50. At the first turn in the 2d round, Glorvina passed Fanny, and both then made a desperate run at Richard, who continued on in the even tenor of his way. The contest between the two mares was exciting; they were frequently locked, and occasionally passed each other. They all came to the post in beautiful style, Richard winning by a length, and Glorvina beating Fanny by a neck. Thus terminated decidedly the best contested race ever ran over the New Orleans Courses.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietor's Purse $600, free for all ages, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Thos. J. Wells' (J. Chambers') ch. c. *Oscar*, by Ulysses, dam unknown, 4 yrs	1	1	1
Jas. S. Garrison's bl. h. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Mark Anthony, 6 yrs	3	3	2
G. Arnoult's (Ira Smith's) ch. f. *Maria Duke*, by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott, by Sumpter, 3 yrs	2	5	3
Col. A. L. Bingaman's ch. c. *Nick Biddle*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam sister to Piemust, 2 yrs	4	4	4
Mr. Marigny's ch. c. *Leesburgh*, by Red Rover, out of Tuckahoe, 5 yrs	5	2	5

Time, 1:50—1:55—1:50.

For this race, Maria Duke was the favorite; it was beautifully contested each heat, they all being well up. Oscar, by the result of this race, has proved himself one of the best mile horses in the South.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington City, April 1st, 1839.

Dear Sir,—On my return here some days ago, I found several numbers of your new volume. Don't be flattered too much at what I say, but why in the d—l's name did you not give it the folio form?—(1.) Had that been done, you would have been a-head of the rest of the world in the periodical line; it is now susceptible of no other change that would not be for the worse. As to its price, all is right. The work is intended for the lovers of sport, and must of necessity be confined to their patronage. With a comparatively limited circulation, a liberal and punctual subscription can alone secure the existence of such a work. Were it possible to add to its claims by yet further improvements, an encreased price would be cheerfully borne by those who go for the glory of the Turf.

What do you think of the racing world? You will tell me that matters are a little too much upon the high-pressure principle in the South-west. I go with you in that opinion. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars is quite too large a sum to be staked upon a single race, in any corner of the earth. Old England herself would raise up both hands against it, upon the broadest principles of policy. It is a scheme involving much deadly mischief to the just claims of the Turf, as it becomes identified, apparently, with gambling ferocity. Three such races would drive off scores of the best turfites of the day. As soon as the excitement of the occasion subsides, there will be certain re-action, under the reflection that entirely too much precious treasure had been paid for the whistle.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you had been consulted, you could have told these thirty excellent gentlemen how they could have had six times as much sport for one-fifth of the sum that this single race is to cost them. Say, for instance, that thirty gentlemen had agreed each to name a horse at the post, on a given day, to run four mile heats; those thirty horses to be arranged by lot into classes of five each, each class to make a separate race for $5000, the second best horse to have $1000. On this plan you would have had six fine races, with no less than twelve winners; each of these six races might be quite as well contested as the great stake race, whose programme is now astounding the world, and there would only be a *loss* of $18,000. Your plan would bring out the best horses in the country beyond a doubt. Then the only question left for decision is, whether one or six races would afford the most sport, and attract the greatest crowd, and which would afford the most encouragement to *breeders*. Your plan could be varied, if desired, so as that, instead of giving the second best horse in each race a thousand dollars, let the winners have four thousand each, and then let a seventh race take place, after a suitable interval, for the remaining $6000, to be confined to the six winners only. Now, Mr. Editor, tell us, in all solemnity, from the very height of your editorial chair, which is the best plan—the Nashville, or *our's*?—(2.)

On a walk to our course a few days ago, I found ten or eleven nags galloping in fine style, under the supervision of Messrs. Spurr & Loudenslaker. I followed them to the stable, in order to find out whose they were, and what were their pedigrees, performances, engagements, and destinations. On complimenting those gentlemen trainers by a few hints as to my knowledge of their success in managing other stables, and as they did not know me from a hoe-handle, I soon made their tongues wag like a couple of well-oiled wheat-fans. They both looked at me from head to foot, wondering all the time who the devil I was. I kept up the fire of conversation upon them both, asking Spurr which country he liked best, England or America, and then, if Picton had not been but badly off ever since he left his excellent management, telling Loudenslaker with the same breath, that Kendall will never be able to supply *his* place as trainer. As matters were now all straight enough, I soon got from them all I wanted to know about the things in their stable. The most interesting one in the lot is a grey Autocrat filly, 3 years old, out of Atalanta's dam, engaged in the great Kendall stake, to come off early in May. She moves as true and swift as a bullet, and appears to be as well broken as a racer of seven years old. She is going to stand high upon your pages as a winner at all distances. She is, to my eye, the picture of old Ironette in form and action. Mr. Simms' nomination, by Tonson and Jemima Wilkinson, in the same stake, is also in this stable—a chesnut, with a blaze and one white hind foot. She has large limbs, well formed, with rather too large a carcase for my eye, moves well, and has what you would call "a fine turn of speed." There will be a trial between these two this month, and the best one will go in the stake. Col. Dixon has a fine bay Fylde colt, 4 yrs. old, in this stable; the Col. is sanguine to a degree as to this colt's performances; he says he is a "scrouger," and "no mistake indeed," that he can run as fast as any other horse, and when running won't do, he can fly. Says I, "Colonel, why did you not run him last Fall?" He replied quickly by saying, that it won't do to run him in the Fall of the year, "that the sparks from his heels would set all the dry grass burning clear around the track!"

I see that *Janette* is advertised as 16 years old: is not that a mistake?—(3.) How old was she when she beat the great Henry at Belfield, Va., in the Fall of 1823?—(4.) That was his only race, but one, after his contest with Eclipse.

Yours truly,

Note 1.—We did not adopt the folio form for fifteen good and sufficient reasons; and first, because three quarters of our readers prefer the present shape; in the second place, it would lose its character as a newspaper, and still be too large for a magazine—in fact, be neither fish nor flesh; after naming these two reasons, we think there is no necessity for giving the other thirteen.

2.—Our correspondent seems to hold us up for the sole purpose of knocking

us down! How, in the name of Moses and the prophets, did he discover that we objected to the number of subscribers, or the amount of their subscription to the *Peyton* Stake? We are "pretty considerably struck up" with a notion that we had something to do with that matter, which has certainly exercised an influence upon the European Sporting World, in the highest degree flattering to the turfmen and breeders of this country. Our correspondent's opinion, however, is entitled to respect, and his suggestions are manifestly the impulses of correct and commendable feelings toward the Turf.

3.—Janette will be eighteen years old in May.

4.—Janette was 3 yrs. old when she beat Henry; Arab won in three heats, Janette winning the first.

THE HIGH PRICES OF STALLIONS.

TENNESSEE, March 13, 1839.

Friend Porter,—Permit me, through the medium of the "Spirit," to call the attention not only of Turfmen and Breeders, but all who, from motives of patriotism, patronise the thorough-bred horse. I am of opinion that the cause is suffering from both friends and foes. I merely propose to call your attention to the facts, and trust that some one of your numerous readers may suggest a remedy.

In the first place, I am of opinion that almost every imported horse in the country stands at a higher price than he should: not more than two or three now here, should stand at *one hundred* the season, and *none higher*; the rest, if well bred, and fair performers, should render service at $50; this would afford them fair profits. Even then they would not do justice to their patrons unless limited in the number of mares, so as to ensure healthy and vigorous produce.

The fault of this high-priced system is, that inferior native horses are patronised, and propogate an inferior stock, to the loss and mortification of their breeders, who in the end abandon a business which, under other circumstances, might have yielded both profit and amusement.

Such is the fatal influence of fashion, that some of our native horses that have made a figure on the Turf, stand at prices which no owner of old Sir Archy, that prince of stallions, ever claimed for his services, and this may stand as a hint, that it is more than they must or should ask. Indeed, I think the price of the season to some of them is not far below the full value of the horse. Thus the best of the American horses unite with the foreigners to force on the public the use of inferior horses.

This is bad enough, but so long as the horses imported are truly good, it may not prove fatal either to the progressive improvement of the blood horse, or those who may own the right sort; but if a few more importations are made by our Captains' want of freight returning to the United States, or our commercial men abroad, regardless of form or racing power, they must soon flood the country with a worthless weedy stock, that can neither run nor work, and depress the value of all importations. The writer knows some which may come under this latter description; some of them have been tried on the Turf and disgraced, as well they deserved to be; while those imported by *gentlemen* connected with the Turf, who may be supposed to have selected them with judgment, and purchased with liberality, have been almost invariably winners. Such, too, will breed and get winners; by this none can loose, while loss, present and perspective, is all that can be expected from the others; and if this could be confined to those who import them, or those who encourage by *purchase* what are termed *cheap* horses, I, for one, should be content. But, Sir, it becomes a public injury: they impose on many, and thus entail on us a worthless progeny.

Now, Sir, will you, or some of your correspondents, take this matter up, offer the preper advice to some, and hold out to others the terror of exposure; nothing more is necessary, for if once denounced in the "Spirit," burnt brandy cannot save them. D.

News by the Packets.

The packets which arrived in such close succession last week, brought us a multitude of newspapers and magazines devoted to the turf. The Steeple-Chases which were coming off all over the kingdom, form the great staple of the newspapers, and the "brilliant runs" with this or that pack, occupy a like space in the magazines.

It is now several weeks since we have given the odds on the coming Derby. They will be found below from "Bell's Life" of the 24th ult., followed by quotations of nearly a week later from the "Morning Post." The "Era," the new English sporting paper, is full of speculations as to the chances of the several horses named in the betting, but as we cannot foretell from their remarks the winner that is to be, we have subjoined the article, in hopes that our readers may be more fortunate.

The recent fight of Burke and Bendigo has awakened a new spirit among the fancy. Challenges are passing and re-passing,—Burke desires another shy at Bendigo, Caunt is ready to fight one of them, and "one of the Bristol school," who "means fighting, not chaffing," is ready to make a match with either, for 100*l*. or 200*l*. So the honor of the championship is yet in abeyance. As this is about the last we shall have to say for awhile on this inspiring theme, we leave it with hearty congratulations that the "deaf 'un" came out as he did in the late mill. We have owed him a grudge ever since we once saw him spar in this city, and Bendigo deserves praise for humbling the pride of one whose whole glory consisted in the excess of his brutality.

Don John is reported to be amiss.

The famous steeple-chase horse, Patrick, winner of the Shamrock Cup, Trim Cup, and several other races, and entered for the Liverpool Steeple Chace, has been purchased by Mr. Johnston, veterinary surgeon, at 300 guineas, for the Marquis of Waterford.

Doncaster.—On Tuesday last, at the Turf Tavern Inn, in this town, Constantia produced a colt foal by Augustus.

On Friday last, the Earl of Eglinton's Zillah produced a fine bay colt foal to Bay Middleton. This is the first produce of Bay Middleton that we have heard of.

On Thursday week Mr. Wormald's Donation produced a fine colt foal to The Saddler.

On Wednesday week Mr. Osborne's Mamsel Otz, sister to Bubrates, produced a fine colt foal to Tomboy.

Mr. Burton, of Water Fulford, near York, has sold Eros, for the Emperor of Russia.

Trotting.—A match came off on Friday week, near Liverpool, between Mr. Grinnel's mare and a mare the property of Jem Ward. The distance four miles—weights thirteen stone—which was won by Jem Ward's mare, which stands only fourteen hands and an inch. Ward will take a £100 to £50 the same mare trots four miles in twelve minutes, carrying ten stone. The money is ready at the Star Inn, Liverpool.

The following is an account of three days' shooting in the well-stocked preserves of Colonel Peel, at Buckenham, in Norfolk, from which it will be seen that in the last three days of the season 331 partridges were killed by Colonel Peel, General Yates, E. Peel, Esq., W. Peel, Esq., and Cluff Newcome, Esq. Jan. 29, partridges 69, hares 31, pheasants 2. Jan. 30, partridges 91, hares 13, pheasants 1. Jan. 31, partridges 171, hares —.

Match over the Derby Course.—The match between Mr. Anderson's Tom Tug and Mr. W. Russell's Little John for 300 sovs., came off on Monday over the Derby Course, and attracted a very numerous assemblage of spectators. Previous to the day a good deal of betting at even took place, although Tom Tug was slightly the favorite. Great confidence was felt in Little John, however, as he had won two matches over the same course. Still as he had been ridden as a hack and driven in harness, his racing qualities were doubted, and these doubts were confirmed on his appearing on the course in anything but running condition, while Tom Tug, who had all the appearance of a racer, although still fat, was in excellent twig. The comparison of the horses soon led to a decided change in the betting, and Tom Tug was at last backed at 5 to 2, At starting Little John took the lead, and maintained it till the turn at Tattenham Corner, when Tom Tug came out, and although striking his fore-leg in making the turn, made all the running home, and won in a canter. Tom Tug was trained by Mr. Scott at Ascot, and was ridden by Mann. Little John was ridden by Young Farrell. After this match another was run between a nag, the property of a sporting hatter of Southwark, and another nag, belonging to a dashing disciple of Esculapius from the same *locale*, which was won cleverly by the representative of *castors*. The Doctor rode his own "patient," and had to excercise his usual patience in consoling himself for his loss. Some coursing of hares from traps followed, with which a dense fog much interfered. Sir Gilbert Heathcote and his son were on the Downs during the sport.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS, Feb. 24.

THE DERBY—*Monday.*—The room was tolerably full towards the latter part of the afternoon, but business, which, according to custom on the approach of the Craven Meeting, has been gradually slackening of late, was exceedingly dull. The crack was a shade better, two or three parties having volunteered to take 9 to 1 in the early part of the afternoon, tne offers at that period averaging a point less; a small bet or two was made towards the close—the actual odds, when we made up our final quotation, being as near 8½ to 1 as possible. Flambeau was not backed; nor did we hear any odds offered against him; we should say, however, that 15 to 1 from a good quarter would have been accepted. There was a mighty falling off in the supporters of the great North country stable (Scott's), 20 to 1 having been bid against Erin go Bragh, the same against Zimmerman, and 10 to 1 against the two—(no backers.) Westonian and The Lord Mayor were mentioned, but too indefinitely to enable us to make a quotation. Kremlin's friends were not lacking, as the price quoted as taken will show; at the finish he was barely so good a favorite as at the commencement of the betting. Meunier was also on the rise, 30 to 1 having been taken; the odds were afterwards offered. Oroonoko, the lion of a day, has returned to his old position. A few other horses were backed at prices which will be found to agree pretty nearly with those of the previous week.

Thursday.—There was no improvement in the business transacted this afternoon, as far as amount was comprehended, but there were two or three changes which it would not be right to pass over. Kremlin sprung from 1000 to 45 to 20 to 1, taken two or three times, but afterwards offered. He has a good engagement in the Craven Meeting, for which he will, in all probability, be sent in his way to Epsom. Meunier, now the only horse of John Day's lot that finds favor, rose to 26 to 1, takers, while a point less was accepted about Tros and Ilderim, but not with any spirit. Flambeau was nominally at 15 to 1, The Dey of Algiers at 20 to 1, taken, and Erin go Bragh and Zimmerman as on Monday. Beyond a decline of several points in Wapiti, there was no other alteration.

MONDAY, Feb. 19.		THURSDAY, Feb. 22.
8 to 1 agst —	John Day's Lot	——
20 to 1 —— —	Sir G. Heathcote's Lot	——
8½ to 1 —— —	Brother to Bay Middleton, by Sultan, out of Cobweb	8 to 1 agst —
——	Flambeau, by Taurus—Flame's dam	15 to 1 —— —
20 to 1 —— (t)	Dey of Algiers, by Priam, out of Tamworth's d.	20 to 1 —— (t)
20 to 1 —— —	Erin go Bragh, by Emancipation, out of Cicely	——
20 to 1 —— —	Zimmerman, by Starch, out of Carpenter's d.	——
1000 to 45 —— (t)	Kremlin, by Sultan, out of Francesca	20 to 1 —— —
30 to 1 —— (t)	Colt by Sir Hercules, out of Gulnare	30 to 1 —— (t)
28 to 1 —— (t)	Tros, by Priam, out of Ally	25 to 1 —— (t)
30 to 1 —— —	Meunier, Brother to Fieschi	26 to 1 —— (t)
33 to 1 —— (t)	Bulwark, by Defence, out of Europa	——
33 to 1 —— —	Accelerator, by Velocipede, out of Barbara	——
——	Wapiti, Sister to Wintonian	50 to 1 —— —
50 to 1 —— (t)	Æther, by St. Patrick, out of Pastille	40 to 1 —— —
50 to 1 —— (t)	Hugh Lupus, by Priam, out of Her Highness	——
——	Colt by Cain (Lord Jersey's)	50 to 1 —— (t)
50 to 1 —— (t)	Oroonoko, by Camel, out of Bertha	50 to 1 —— —
50 to 1 —— (t)	Valaincourt, by Velocipede, out of Paradigm	——
——	Peon, by Lapdog, out of Messenger's dam	1000 to 15 —— (t)
——	Roostan, by Laurel, out of Stockwell Lass's d.	2000 to 20 —— (t)
1000 to 10 —— (t)	Dragsman, Brother to Lady Jane, by St. Nicholas	——
1000 to 7 —— (t)	Sleight-of-Hand, by Pantaloon, out of Decoy	——
300 even —	Epidaurus and Accelerator	——
1000 to 16 —— (t)	each of Sir G. Heathcote's three, in one bet	——
——	Hugh Lupus and Bloomsbury	25 to 1 —— (t)
——	Zimmerman, Dey of Algiers, and Lord Mayor	7 to 1 —— (t)

Bell's Life, Feb. 24th.

Betting at Manchester—Friday Evening.

CHESTER CUP.

8 to 1 agst	King Cole (t)	100 to 6 agst	Caravan (t)
10 to 1 ——	Harkaway (off)	100 to 6 ——	Drone
14 to 1 ——	Van Buren	100 to 6 ——	Cardinal Puff
14 to 1 ——	Cow-boy (t)	100 to 4 ——	Sir Ralph.

Very little doing except on Cole, Cow boy, and Caravan, each of which is backed to great amounts. Ib.

Tattersall's—Yesterday.

The principal speculators having again turned the "corner," the betting was pretty brisk. The only changes worth notice, however, were, the decline of Brother to Bay Middleton, and the advance of Meunier. The following are the latest quotations:—

6 to 1 agst	Lord Jersey's lot (taken)
8 to 1 ——	John Day's lot (t)
25 to 1 ——	Sir G. Heathcote's lot (t)
17 to 2 ——	Lord Jersey's Bro. to Bay Middleton (offered)
17 to 1 ——	Duke of Rutland's Flambeau (t)
18 to 1 ——	Mr. Bowes's Erin go Bragh (t)
20 to 1 ——	Col. Peel's Dey of Algiers (t)
20 to 1 ——	Duke of Richmond's Meunier (t)
20 to 1 ——	Duke of Cleveland's Kremln
25 to 1 ——	Col. Anson's Zimmerman
25 to 1 ——	Lord Westminster's The Lord Mayor
25 to 1 ——	Mr. Bowes's Epidaurus
25 to 1 ——	Lord Jersey's Ilderim (t)
25 to 1 ——	Lord Albemarle's Tros (t)
30 to 1 ——	Mr. Bowes's Accelerator (t)
40 to 1 ——	Mr. Wreford's Wapiti (t)
45 to 1 ——	Duke of Grafton's Æther (t)
1000 to 20 ——	Mr. Batson's Brother to Plenipo (t)
1000 to 20 ——	Mr. Ford's Ferryman (t)
1000 to 20 ——	Lord Suffield's Vernon (t)
55 to 1 ——	Sir G. Heathcote's Oroonoko
1000 to 15 ——	Sir G. Heathcote's Valaincourt (t)
1000 to 10 ——	Lord Westminster's Decay colt (t)
1000 to 10 ——	Mr. G. Clark's Dragsman (t)

London Morning Post, March 1.

Betting at Manchester, Feb. 17.

As that worthy young gentleman, Mr. Samivel Weller, would say, there have been some "*raythe*r queer" doings this week on the Chester Cup race; in fact, there has been a complete revolution in the betting. Van Buren, once "President," has gone to the right about, 100 to 6 going a begging for customers. Since then, King Cole, until yesterday the leader, has cried "peccavi" to the renowned Harkaway. At the beginning of the week 8½ and 8 to 1 was taken with avidity about the King, but late this morning the first question asked was, "Who's the first favorite?" This was a puzzler, and for some time 8½ to 1 was offered on the field without anything being done; at length, some one offered 9 to 1, which was immediately taken by one of the Irish division, who then took all he could get at 8 to 1 that the fieldsmen would lay. Thus Harkaway made a jump of three points in the course of a few hours. A sudden fit has, perhaps, seized the party who have been backing the horse slyly at long odds to make him first favorite for bookmaking purposes. At any rate, he monopolized nearly all the business this morning.

CHESTER CUP.

8 to 1 agst	Harkaway (t)	100 to 5 agst	Vertumnus
9½ to 1 ——	King Cole	100 to 5 ——	Chit-chat
100 to 6 ——	Ion	100 to 5 ——	Ludwardine
100 to 6 ——	Eaglet	100 to 5 ——	Cow-boy
100 to 6 ——	Drone	100 to 5 ——	Caravan
100 to 6 ——	Van Buren	100 to 5 ——	any other.
100 to 6 ——	Slashing Harry		

Bell's Life.

The business at the Subscription Room on the 7th, was remarkable neither for animation nor extent; yet it was not devoid of interest, as it introduced, for the first time during the winter, the approaching events at Newmarket, the decision of which is calculated to throw light on the dim and mysterious prospect of the Derby. We allude to the notice of the Monday's Riddlesworth, the Tuesday's Riddlesworth, and the Two Thousand Guineas Stake. The first of these forthcoming events is included amongst the engagements comprised in the Craven Meeting, and is appointed for decision on Monday, April 1. The circumstance of 5 to 4 on Brother to Bay Middleton being betted for the Monday's Riddlesworth, shews, not so much the genuine superiority of this nag, as the very inferior quality of the field, not numerically deficient, perhaps, since it originally contained sixteen nominations, now reduced to thirteen. Lord Jersey has carried off this important stake (the Monday's Riddlesworth) three years in succession; in 1836 it was won by Bay Middleton; in 1837, by Achmet; in 1838, by Phœnix; and from the aspect of the stake of this name for 1839, little doubt can be entertained that his lordship will prove successful for it. Tuesday's Riddlesworth is appointed for decision the day following (April 2), and, as our readers would perceive by our last number, Ilderim, lately so sunk and so degraded in the scale of estimates for the Derby, is the decided favourite, 50 Ilderim against the field being booked on that occasion; so that if the Monday's Riddlesworth be in a miserable plight in regard to the quality of its nominations, Tuesday's Riddlesworth must be still worse, as far at least as our opinion can be formed after the manner of the Highland Wizard, so beautifully expressed by the following trope or apostrophe put into his mouth by our first of living poets, Campbell:—

> "'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before."

It therefore clearly appears that Ilderim has been "amiss," and it is equally apparent that his case was never hopeless, and also that he has attained a state of satisfactory convalescence, which emboldens his friends to support his pretensions, indicated not only by his imposing preliminary position in the Tuesday's Riddlesworth, but also by his reascension in the list of the odds for the Derby, as will be perceived below.

It is evident it is intended by Lord Jersey, that the "Crack" shall make his debut for the Monday's Riddlesworth, and he will no doubt come to the starting post for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, which will be decided on Tuesday, April 16, (First Spring Meeting); but the nominations in this case present a very different aspect from those of the Riddlesworth: they amount to twenty, and amongst the number appear Flambeau, Epidaurus, the Gulnare colt, Zimmerman, Derrynane, Brother to Plenipo, Æther, and Vernon; the last rendered somewhat celebrious, if not positively suspicious, by his striking family features—or rather by his strong resemblance to the stock of Camel, so instantly and so generally recognised at Newmarket—was reported as by Camel in the Stud Book, but which was acknowledged to be a mistake by that trio of sublime literary excogitators, the Messrs. Wetherby. London "Era," 17th Feb.

Brother to Bay Middleton, who has figured so pre-eminently amongst his competitors for Derby fame, whose imposing pretensions we have had so frequently occasion to notice, and to whose late elevated movements we have directed the attention of our readers, came formidably into the market on the 18th Feb., and established himself firmly at 9 to 1, to say the least; for those who adventured these odds seemed unwilling to proceed to any considerable extent, and at the close of business the tone respecting this nag was rather elevated than otherwise.

Throughout the afternoon Flambeau was disregarded; not, however, from any deterioration of quality, nor from any occurrence calculated to lower his well-founded and prominent pretensions; but because he did not happen to be wanted—either by his supporters or those who have hitherto adventured the odds against him.

Our notion of the comparative merits of the Dey of Algiers and Erin-go-bragh have appeared in a previous number; our readers are aware of our opinion respecting these nags; they are aware that while we admitted the latter to be a promising young racer, we entertained a more exalted idea of the pretensions of the former, because a comparative view of those parts or organs conducive to power and speed is in favour of the Dey. A racer cannot be two low in the chest, nor too oblique in the shoulder; his quarters should be as widely spread and as well let down as possible, and if the lateral muscular development reaches the hock (so prominently observable in Camel) so much the better; gaskins powerful; deep ribs are desirable, but not to approach so near the hip as to interfere with the laxity of the loin; a corresponding unison of such parts may be said to constitute the perfection of the racer—and those who, keeping these notions in view, happen to "look over" the Dey, will find that his organization is much above the ordinary class, but that it does not reach unqualified perfection. The proceedings of the afternoon depressed the lately rising (but we think, factitious) pretensions of Erin-go-bragh very considerably, as will be perceived below; and, indeed, the Dey of Algiers sank two points, but then his supporters took the odds freely, and were willing to proceed, while those who were inclined to support Erin-go-bragh wanted a further increase of the odds, amounting, of course, to a depressing influence on his erratic movements in the betting constellation. Therefore, in estimating the pretensions of these rival candidates for the Derby, as they appear at the same time in the appended list, the Dey must be considered as a shade superior.

Meunier, who crept into the notice of speculators not long ago very unassumingly, and who on Thursday last established himself at 35 to 1, was on the move; he rose considerably. Meunier is by Velocipede, and if he resemble his sire in conformation, cannot fail to possess superior speed. We never saw a more crazy legged nag than Velocipede, not even Autocrat; fortunately, however, many of his descendants have "trained on;" Hornsea, for instance, did not leave the course till he was rising six years old, though he came out many times; The Lady (late Calista) ran last season (successfully) as a six-year old; Vesper raced last season as a five-year-old: as did also the Skater; Valentissimo is rising seven, and we are not aware that he has retired—he last season won the Queen's plates at Ascot and Egham; Oberon is rising six; half-a-dozen four-year-olds of Velocipede's stock raced last year as four-year olds; so that it is probable the legs of Meunier may "stand," and he may win the Derby for aught we can prove to the contrary.

Bulwark receded a few points from his estimate of last Thursday; he proved himself a good, if not a superior two-year-old, but was brought out too often, which, we suspect, has told upon him, from his vacillating progress in the betting circle London "Era," 24th Feb.

St. James's Junior Club.—This Club opened for the season on Tuesday night, and, notwithstanding the exciting attractions at Westminster, which might induce the proprietors to exclaim "a plague on both your houses," the sprinkle of "the gay and the gallant" gave evidence of undiminished popularity. A bank of ten thousand pounds, independent of the princely character of the establishment, in all its appliances, is no small attraction to the speculative; and although the maxin "pay as you go" is now enforced, yet no inquiries or "sets-off" respecting past scores tend to intimidate "by-gone" acquaintances from having a shy. We understand there was a large haul from the heap of temptations on Thursday night, but, like the "magic purse," a similar round sum was displayed the night following, and continues night after night, in broad black and white, to put scepticism at defiance. "If I'm a fool, my money's not," says the old adage. All we can say is "luck to those who deserve it." Those who stop away are likely to win or lose the least. The members of all other Clubs are eligible for admission to the St. James's Junior.

Game from America.—Our great wonder has been productive of numerous small wonders; amongst others, several of the citizens of Bristol have had upon their tables a brace of quails from America, quite fresh, and every way in good condition. The birds were shot by Mr. G. Macready, surgeon to the Great Western, the day before he left New York. We believe that his worship also had a couple presented to him. Who, a year ago, would have dreamed that such an importation would be possible—that the actual contents of a sportsman's bag in the New World would be consumed fresh in England? We may add, that the birds in their feathers, just as killed, were hung up by the legs and exposed to the spray and sea breeze. There were various fowls as sea stores packed in ice; these were not, but as above related. Bristol Mirror.

On Sunday week, Mr. Smallwood's brood mare Valentine, by soothsayer, dropped a fine colt foal to Voltaire at Middlethorpe, near York, which, we are sorry to say, died on the Wednesday night following. She will be put to Voltaire again.

Hunting Fracas.—A somewhat laughable circumstance occurred to the gentlemen hunting with Mr. Foljambe's hounds, on Friday, 25th ult. Having thrown off at Lound Hall, near Retford, they presently found, when Reynard wended his way towards Drayton, closely pursued by the hounds, to which all were "well up." Whilst crossing Drayton Field, however, an unexpected difficulty presented itself, which tended rather to retard their progress. Coming to a very high thickset hedge, which it was next to an impossibility to clear, there was hardly any other alternative but to resort to a gap at a short distance; but here another obstacle stared them in the face, in the person of a huge brawny fellow, who occupied the breach, brandishing a ten-foot rail, which he handled with much adroitness and apparent ease; at the same time protesting, in terms which could not well be misunderstood, that if any person durst attempt to pass him, and cross his new sown wheat, he would fell both horse and rider to the ground. Remonstrance was in vain, and only tended to raise the fellow's anger to a higher pitch. At length Lord H. Bentinck's groom made a "go" at the fence, and received a blow which for the moment stunned him, but he recovered and got over. Lord Galway tried to joke him into good humour, but he remained inexorable; and Lord Manvers, in his usual quiet style, solicited permission to pass, but it was all of no use. At length, their patience being wearied, one of the gentlemen dismounted, with the declared intention of giving the fellow a sound thrashing. This, too, he declared himself ready for; and, throwing off his coat and hat, placed himself in a very imposing attitude. At this juncture some of the bystanders interfered, and persuaded their sporting friend to have nothing to do with him; on which (thinking, perhaps, that "the better part of valour was discretion"), mounting his horse, "he laughed, and rode away." Finding that no impression could be made upon the man, the sportsmen gave up the contest, took a considerable circuit to follow their diversion, and "left him alone in his glory," still expressing his firm determination to pursue the same line of conduct should they again attempt to cross his wheat field on a similar errand. It was well for the man that Mr. Foljambe was not hunting that day. Doncaster Gazette.

Earl Fitzwilliam's celebrated Stallion, Mulatto, was taken dangerously ill with inflammation on the lungs, at the Coach and Horses Inn, St. Martin's, Stamford, on Saturday week, while on his way from Wentworth to Thorpe Hall, where he is to stand for the season. Mr. Philipson, veterinary surgeon, was immediately called in, and was under the necessity of taking ten quarts of blood from him before the symptoms abated. We are happy to state that he is now sufficiently recovered to proceed on his journey.

Shooting for the Cup at the Red House.—On Wednesday the silver cup was shot for at Battersea, by eleven gents, at seven birds each, Messrs. Angell, Bang, Grange, Mann, Foulkes, and Thornton, shooting at 24 yards; and Messrs Smith, Courtenay, Winks, Taylor, and Clayards, at 21 yards. At the conclusion of the fourth round Messrs Foulkes, Courtenay, Thornton, and Clayards tied—Mr. Foulkes then missed, the other three killing all their birds. In shooting off the tie, at three birds each, Messrs Thornton and Clayards again tied. Three more pigeons were then shot at, when Mr. Thornton was the winner, he having killed 13 successively, at 24 yards, and Clayards 13 at the short distance. A sweepstakes match of a sovereign each was shot at the long distance, seven subscribers, three birds each; Messrs Pearce and Flood were the winners. Three matches, a soverign a side, were shot by Messrs Angell and Mann; 24 yards; six birds—the former was the winner of too. Several other matches took place, which concluded a most excellent day's sport. The birds provided by Clayards were the best we have witnessed for some time.

ESCAPE FROM A TIGER.

We have received an East Indian newspaper, the *Fuszzleghaun Hurkaru*, from which we extract the following account of the miraculous escape of a gentleman from the jaws of a tiger:—

"A party of officers belonging to the 36th Regiment of (Native) Heavy Dragoons, being out on a shooting expedition, encamped on the night of the 31st of September last, in a small compound on the banks of the Humbujjee, having received information from their sircarrahs, that a large tiger, which had for some months devastated the neighboring country, had been traced to an extensive jungle on the banks of the river, about two miles from the village of Cuttalong, where the party was quartered. Having made all the preliminary arrangements that were necessary, by posting coolies and chimrowzees in extended order at the exterior of the jungle, so as to form a perfect line of communication, and command the most likely avenues, the sportsmen broke up their camp about an hour before daylight, and eagerly repaired to the intended scene of action. The party consisted of four persons—Captain Drummage, Lieutenant Pinkwell, Lieutenant Maggles, and Assistant-Surgeon Cutbush, of the 36th; they were mounted on hardy and active Pickarow ponies, and each man was armed with a double-barrelled rifle, a hunting-spear, and a cuttyjack, or native dagger, very similar in form and temper to the Maylay creese. On arriving at the edge of the jungle, the subadar-chimrowzee, whose duty it had been to effect the reconnoisance, informed Capt. Drummage that about six o'clock on the previous evening the tiger, which he described as of enormous size, had made a sortie, and fallen on a herd of cattle in an adjoining country, and carried off a fine cow. Various ineffectual shots had been fired by the herdsmen in charge of the pen, but the fierce animal had regained the jungle, and from the trail which was left, it was conjectured that he was now lying in the south-western angle of the thicket, not very far from the river. Captain Drummage immediately formed his plan of attack. Selecting four couple of Chitawarry dogs, he entered them at a narrow part of the jungle, which forms a kind of neck or isthmus between its northern and southern divisions, and directed Lieutenant Maggles and Assistant-Surgeon Cutbush to proceed warily in a southerly direction. Condensing the chain of posts towards the opposite extremity, where the rocky character of the soil afforded the least opportunity for the tiger's escape, while from its height it gave the videttes a better command over the whole. Captain Drummage, accompanied by Lieutenant Pinkwell, resolved to follow upon the monster's trail, and penetrate that part of the thicket which appeared to lead more directly to the tiger's retreat. Captain Drummage and his companion were attended by the subadar chimrowzee, and two brace of chittawarries—an admirable description of dog for jungle hunting. With less difficulty than might have been expected they threaded the mazes of the dense underwood, which, usually so stocked with game, was now completely deserted—a circumstance evidently to be ascribed to the presence of the tyrant of the plains. Not a single chowprassie rose upon the wing—not a solitary muzzaul rushed from the covert. After proceeding for about a quarter of an hour, Captain Drummage observed that his favorite chittawarry—a fine brindled animal—began to show great signs of impatience and anxiety by hastily dashing into the thicket and speedily returning, as if to induce a more rapid approach to where the tiger lay hid. Captain Drummage now gave the signal, and the dogs, hitherto mute, at once gave tongue, and plunged through the long prickly muskus grass and tangled underwood, while their cry was echoed by the pack belonging to Lieutenant Maggles, apparently about 150 yards distant. In a few seconds the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the voice of Assistant-Surgeon Cutbush cheering on the dogs. Captain Drummage and Lieutenant Pinkwell rushed forward, and, dashing aside the boughs which obstructed their path, beheld the enemy of whom they were in search. A small ravine, or rather a gully, communicating with Humbujjee, lay between them and the tiger, whose appearance was truly terrific. On the opposite bank, in a pool of blood which had weltered from its neck and side, with dislocation in every limb, and life long since extinct, lay the body of the cow, the hinder part nearly hid in the thick reeds that grew about the recess into which the tiger had dragged it. Glaring above its victim with his fore feet firmly planted on its prostrate form—his head erect and jaws distended, his body drawn up, his hind legs doubled under him, had his tail waving to and fro with a quick and tremulous motion—stood the formidable beast himself, apparently doubtful whether to commence or wait the attack. But little time was given him for deliberation: hallooing the dogs forward, who boldly dashed across the ravine, the officers levelled their rifles and fired almost simultaneously. Lieutenant Pinkwell's ball grazed the animal's ribs, while that of Captain Drummage wounded him slightly, in the neck; no effect appeared to have been produced by the other shots. The chitawarries rushed on, and the tiger, irritated at the wounds he had received, with one sweep of his enormous paw crushed three of them in the dust, and, seizing a fourth, the brave brindled dog, in his jaws, crushed him between his teeth, and hurled him dead into the ravine. As quick as thought the second barrels were poured in, and this time with better effect; two balls pierced the tiger's breast, and another cut away the upper part of his left ear. Uttering a tremendous howl, he sprang forward, and wide as the ravine appeared, measuring full 30 feet, he cleared it at a bound, before the rifles could be reloaded for execution. His first spring was made at Lieutenant Maggles, whom he felled to the earth with his powerful paw, tearing away his clothes, and severely lacerating the whole of his left side. He then turned on Assistant-Surgeon Cutbush, who, having no fire-arms ready, thrust his spear at the monster's eyes, but his hand being unsteady he missed his aim, and his spear flying from his grasp, the tiger seized him by the right arm, and, wheeling round, made off down the ravine in the direction of the river. At this moment Captain Drummage fired again, and having a favored side view, sent a ball through the tiger's jaws, and made him drop his prey. But it was only for an instant; he turned as it were in defiance, shook his head wildly, and then with desperate energy once more seized his unfortunate victim, and bounded towards the river. The party followed, trusting to arrest his course before he reached the stream, and a ball from the rifle of Lieutenant Pinkwell told on his side, marked by a long track of blood along his striped coat. But his course was not checked, and before Captain Drummage could follow up the shot, the tiger had plunged into the Humbujjee with the wounded gentleman fixed between his jaws. Mr. Cutbush, though dreadfully hurt, still retained his presence of mind, while the certainty of death, in one shape or other, appeared inevitable. His left arm was disengaged, and while the tiger dragged him through the river he felt in his belt for his cuttyjack; it was fortunately by his side, and with determined resolution he drew it from its sheath, and plunged it deep in the tiger's breast immediately beneath the insertion of the left fore-arm. A violent spasm, occasioned by the convulsive clutch of the tiger, the report of fire-arms, and all recollection passed away from Mr. Cutbush, until he was awoke again to consciousness, extended on the sandy shore of the Humbujjee, with his friends around him, Captain Drummage and Lieutenant Pinckwell leaning on their rifles, Lieutenant Maggles resting on a buddekhar with his left arm in a sling, and the body of the tiger pierced with innumerable wounds stretched in death at their feet. It appears that, on being stabbed by Mr. Cutbush, the tiger dropped his victim, and raised himself for a moment, a better mark for the rifles of the hunters, who, with admirable precision, each sent an ounce ball clean through his head. To save Mr. Cutbush from drowning was but the work of a moment; one of the chimrowsees swam off, and brought him to the shore, while with a lasso the remainder of the party dragged the dead tiger on the beach. This enormous animal was found to measure twenty-four feet in length. We are glad to find that although much hurt, there is nothing dangerous in the wounds received by either Mr. Cutbush or Lieutenant Maggles."

HINTS FOR PREVENTION OF DISORDERS IN HORSES.

STABLES.—Stables should be lofty, light, and airy, and should never contain more than six or eight horses; they are in general too close and hot. Too much clothing, also, is usually put upon the horses, which thus become so tender, that they catch cold upon every slight exposure to a cool air. The doors and windows of stables should be thrown open when the horses are out, but care must be taken that a cold current of air does not immediately blow upon them when in the stable, particularly if they are heated. It is a bad practice to allow horses to stand upon litter in the day-time, except they are unwell or fatigued.

WATER.—Pond water, if it lie on a clay bottom and be sweet, agrees best with horses; hard water may be improved by throwing some chalk or clay into it, and exposing it in cisterns to the open air. It is proper to let the water intended for the horses stand for some hours in the stables before it is used. Water should be offered to horses frequently; they would then never drink large quantities of it at a time, which is particularly hurtful to them when heated by exercise. It is a good and safe plan when travelling, &c., always to mix hot water enough with their cold to take off the chill.

EXERCISE.—A horse's exercise should be proportioned to his strength, manner of feeding, and the labor required of him. He ought, however, to have at least two hours of daily exercise. Horses should not be ridden fast after having been newly fed and watered. A fat horse requires a long course of moderate exercise before he can safely be put to trot, which is violent. It should be a general rule to ride a horse slowly at the beginning of a stage: afterwards increase the pace, and slacken it again a mile or two before the end of it, so as to bring him tolerably cool into the stable. If horses come in very warm, they should be walked about gradually till cool, their feet should then be pricked, and all dirt and gravel carefully washed out. In hot weather, washing their legs is proper, but they should always be well rubbed afterwards. In winter, cold water is injurious to the heels, and apt to bring on swelling and the grease. Horses should on no account be permitted to stand uncovered in the stable, much less at the stable doors, after being much heated, except the weather be very warm. Road horses should, in the middle of a long stage, have half a pail of water mixed with a little oatmeal; and on a journey, if no other corn but what is soft and new can be procured, oatmeal just moistened with water, or some coarse bread, should be given in preference to such corn, which is extremely unwholesome. If a horse grow costive, let him have some mashes of scalded bran or malt. If he have any difficulty in staleing only, an ounce of nitre may be given in his food for a few nights. Should he be seized with a violent fit of the gripes, let him be bled, back-raked, and have a glyster of three or four quarts of water-gruel mixed with eight ounces of glauber or common salt. The best instrument for giv itig a glyster is an ox bladder, that will hold two or three quarts, tied to the end of a wooden pipe about fourteen inches long, one inch and a half diameter where the bag is tied, and of a gradual taper to the extremity, where the thickness should suddenly increase, and be rounded off at the point, and made as smooth as possible. The hole through the pipe may be made sufficiently large to admit the end of a common funnel for pouring the liquor into the bag; no other force is requisite to throw it up than the holding the bag a little higher than the level of the pipe. If, in consequence of violent inflammation and pain, opiates should be necessary, a table spoonful of laudanum may be given in a pint of water. Should a horse be touched in his wind, be very careful that he has only moderate quantities of food and water. Two spoonsful of tar, mixed with the yolk of an egg, given in a morning fasting, will be of great service to him when travelling. In hot dry weather, it is useful to stop horses' feet at night with a mixture of soft clay and cow dung, and to moisten them frequently with water.

FRICTION.—The currying, brushing, and rubbing down of horses is of great importance, not only to their coats, but also to their general health; when these operations are neglected, or slightly performed, an obstruction takes place in the pores of the skin, producing mange, &c., and the hair, instead of being smooth and shining, stares and stands on end. Nothing tends so much to prevent grease and swelling of the legs as frequent hard rubbing and carefully cleaning the heels.

TRIMMING.—The ears of horses are covered with a short down in the inside, mixed with larger hairs, to prevent cold air, rain, dust, and flies from hurting the internal ear. The trimming, therefore, this part, is very prejudicial to the horse.

PHYSIC.—It is advisable to prepare a horse for physic by giving him bran mashes for a day or two. The morning is the best time for giving a purgative, the horse having previously fasted for two or three hours; during this day he is to be kept in the stable, and fed with bran mashes, and a very moderate quantity of hay. He may be allowed to drink plentifully of warm water, and if he refuses it warm, let the chill only be just taken off. On the following morning he is to be gently exercised, when the medicine will generally begin to operate, and he is to be plentifully supplied with bran mashes and warm water. Warm clothing, particularly when he is out of the stable, is highly necessary. On the next day the purging will generally have ceased; then a small quantity of corn may be allowed. When physic does not operate at the usual time, the horse appearing sick and griped, relief may be had by giving a glyster of water gruel, and making him drink freely of warm water, which should be assisted by exercise. When purging balls are given to horses, the head should be kept up, and care taken that the ball pass down the gullet, which may easily be discovered sliding dowd from the outside.

Agricultucal.

APRIL GUIDE FOR FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

THE FARM.—In that important object, the arrangement of crops on a farm, the two greatest discoveries of modern times has been the introduction of turnips as a preparation for barley, and that of clover as a preparation for wheat. It has trebled the value of land of a certain description, which is saying quite enough for it, and caused the county of Norfolk to stand at the head of all the ploughed districts in England, despite of the comparative inferiority of its soil.

This is the principal month for sowing barley. Some farmers delay the operation till the next, for the sake of obtaining one more spring earth, asserting that if it rises in time to receive one magsden, it is early enough out of the ground. This, however, is bad farming, showing that, except in cases of reserved turnip crops, the occupier has been behind with autumnal and winter ploughing. This is also the month for sowing "seeds," as all artificial grasses are now called. They thrive best when sown with spring corn, because the plant when young likes shelter. Of these sorts are red and white clover, rib and rye-grass, saintfoin and lucerne, not forgetting a few acres of cow grass, which, although it yields but one solitary cutting, gives most abundant food to working horses in summer, to be cut and carried every day to their stables. Do not be too sparing of seed in these essential agricultural operations. All the above-named plants love to be sheltered and supported by each other, and then, having no room to shoot laterally, they push upards as a natural consequence. Again, the thicker the plants, the finer will be the stalks, which, when intended for eating, and not for seed, must be advantageous, as cattle reject all thick stems of plants. Ploughs in this month are hard at work preparing land for turnips, as well as in sowing barley. That intended for the former should receive its third earth, and if it be not sufficiently pulverized, let a heavy roller follow, for of all roots, turnips require the finest mould. Sow thick, to provide for the ravages of the fly, and remember that the chief dependence for the keep of live stock in the spring rests almost solely with this root, the Swedish in particular. Manure with bone dust, if to be procured, it beats all other forcers of this crop. Buck-wheat land must also be prepared in this month by good tillage, to receive the seed in June. A succession of spring tares should be provided for now, at the rate of two and a half baskets per acre at least, and cabbages should be planted for milch cows in winter. This is also the principal month for planting potatoes, which, when drilled and horse hoed, approach towards the benefit of a summer fallow. Plentiful dunging, however, is absolutely essential, and the fresher from the dung-heap the better for the plants. If well protected from the air, potatoes will be good food for cattle till very late in the spring, especially if the eyes be cut out when they have a tendency to push. Hops will now require poling, taking care not to over-pole them beyond their strength, as they will surely suffer on the succeeding year. Grass lands should now be hand-picked, bush-harrowed, and rolled, if intended to be mown, and water-meadows should be freed from stock, and shut up, for the same purpose. Planting and pruning deciduous trees must cease with the April month. This is a trying month to most farmers, to all improvident ones indeed, as regards stock. It is ruinous to depend on the hay-rick alone. Forward rye is soon devoured by hungry sheep, and turnips are too often either all gone, or of little avail, from their exhausted state. Clover and rye grass are, however, the general resource; but nothing compares with well-preserved rouen, or after-grass, especially for ewes and lambs, which now require succulent food. Cows, if possible, should be kept away from the hay-rick, or much of their summer produce will be consumed. A cow, indeed, is a most voracious animal at all times. Calves for rearing should be dropped this month, and well kept throughout the first year, if intended to be in good form. Mares will also be near foaling, and should not be worked beyond the end of the month.

Summary of business of this month:—Finish sowing oats, pease, vetches, buck-wheat, flax, hemp, lucerne, saintfoin, rye, grass, clover, hay-seeds, and, if possible, barley. Turn sheep into clover, and finish dressing and rolling meadows. Put some of your cart mares to the stallion. Roll your wheat, clip young quicksets, and pare and burn land if dry enough for the purpose. Draining may be proceeded with to advantage, as the hours of work are long, and such business should always be done by measure.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Plant Potatoes for the main crop. Persons will use whole or cut sets according to the fancy; but there is an invariable rule regarding the soil to be observed, namely, to knock it about as little as possible with the spade (consistently of getting it clean), potatoes requiring it to be rather close and tenacious. Moreover, if the soil should be a light and warm one, it is not to be treated with horse manure, but with the more cooling manure from the cow-shed. Prick and plant out all of the cabbage kind; but never plant out from the seed-bed at once, the double remove bringing the plants to much finer and earlier perfection. All of the tap-rooted family (carrots, beet, parsnips, &c.), may be sown, but the ground for the longer sorts should invariably be dug two spades deep, and they are all best sown in drills. Prepare your ground for planting out cucumber plants. The following mode has been found to answer admirably, except where there is a gravelly substratum near the surface. Dig trenches two feet wide and one foot six inches deep, and sufficiently apart for the plants to run freely. Fill the trenches with a foot thickness of good horse manure, and bring the soil level over it. Sow celery for main crops. Plant slips and cuttings of kitchen herbs, but beware of giving too much water to thyme. Continue sowing for succession crops as directed last month.

The grafting of all trees should be finished this month.

The fork should now be dexterously but delicately employed in the asparagus bed, and the bed, when thoroughly cleaned, be dressed up and raked smooth. We may as well mention here, that in most places asparagus beds are ruined, or prematurely exhausted, by late cutting. Capsicums, love-apples, tomatas, vegetable marrow, and the whole gourd tribe, may be sown in pots, not more than two in a pot, for after-planting out.

FLOWER GARDEN.

Auriculas during this month require very delicate attention from the eye and the hand of the grower, especially in such springs as those of 1837 and 1838. They should be exposed to neither sun, wind, nor cold, and yet have as much fair as can be compatible with these precautions. Tulips also require careful protection from frost and wet; if the grower, however, should observe their oliage turn dark, they must be watered all over and covered up until they resume a healthy appearance.

Camellias should, after flowering, be indulged with a moderate heat, to forward them to perfection.

Dahlias need considerable management, according to the state of their growth; until the cuttings are struck, they must be kept in a high temperature, and the heat of the beds be maintained. As soon, however, as they are struck and have got strength, they may be transferred to a cold frame, but must at the same time be vigilantly guarded from frost.

Carnations and picotees may now be planted out into their blooming pots. Stocks, wallflowers, and all hardy flowers, may also be planted out in the open ground. The hardy annuals, biennials, and perennials, may be sown in the borders, and the tender annuals must be repeatedly shifted into pots of a successively larger size. Geraniums cannot have too much air when the weather is fine.

The Oracle of Rural Life.

JOHN KEMBLE'S MARRIAGE.

One evening Mrs. Brereton addressed Mrs. Hopkins.—"My dear mother," she said, "I cannot guess what Mr. Kemble means: he passed me just now, going up to his dressing-room, and chucking me under the chin, said, 'Ha, Pop! I should not wonder if you were soon to hear of something very much to your advantage.' What can he mean?" "Mean," the sensible mother answered, "why, he means to propose marriage; and if he does, I advise you not to refuse him—you will not meet with a better offer." Thus the matrimonial galley was launched; and the voyage proceeded rapidly, merrily, and to a joyous conclusion, although not unmarked with some peculiar circumstances. When the lady's consent was obtained, and the happy day fixed, Mr. Kemble was living purely *en garcon*, the elegance of female life never thought on, in a lodging in Caroline-street, Bedford-square. His intimacy with Jack Bannister, and the true regard he felt for him, rendered it natural and easy to request Mr. Bannister's attendance at the ceremony. This was readily agreed to, and on the appointed morning, the 8th of December, Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Brereton, presenting themselves at Bannister's abode in Frith-street, they all repaired to the bridegroom's dwelling. Whether he had been late over-night, or whether, "dreaming of golden joys," he had been unwilling to shorten his morning slumber, certain it is that, when the ladies arrived, there was not the slightest sign of preparation for breakfast. A number—they could not be termed a set—of tea-things at length appeared, the meal was discussed, the parties reached the church in proper time, and the ceremony was completed by an intimate friend of Kemble, the well-known Parson Este. They were departing in separate coaches, the ladies in one, the gentlemen in another, when Mrs. Bannister said, "As you do not seem to have made any preparations, suppose you dine with us; but, as both Mrs. Kemble and Mr. Bannister play to-night, the dinner must be early and punctual." This good-natured and considerate offer was readily accepted; the ladies went to Frith-street, and, having waited to the utmost extremity of time, were obliged to dine without the newly-married man.

Memoirs of Bannister, the Comedian.

A WHIM.

The Marquis de Louvois, a descendant of Louis the Fourteenth's celebrated War Minister of the same name, and now a member of the French Chamber of Peers, is a great amateur of music and painting, and fond of living much in the company of artists. When travelling some time ago in Switzerland, he had the good fortune to meet with two ladies well known in the fashionable circles of the French capital, as gifted with voices and musical accomplishments not inferior to those of Malibran and Grisi, whose friends they have been. These fair travellers were the Countess of Merlin, wife of the Lieutenant-General of that name, and the authoress of several works, including memoirs of her friend, poor Malibran; and the Countess de Sparre, the lady of the Lieutenant-General and Peer, Count de Sparre. Of the latter great singer we need but say that she was Madlle. Naldi. The ladies, according to some, had repaired to Switzerland, in order to borrow from nature some costumes which might be used in the balls of the ensuing season. Others affirm that their only object was to see and study, to breathe the fresh air of the fields, draw the chalets of lovely Helvetia, listen to the melancholy or joyful songs of the mountaineers, and to the *ranz* of the cows of the thirteen old Cantons. However this might be, the meeting was a most welcomed one to the three travellers. They were dwelling together upon the beauty of the neighboring scenery, and of Ausonia, that land of the arts, and above all, music, when the Marquis—the man for extempore excursions and parties—suggested an immediate tour in Italy. The proposal was rejected as a mad one, though with some hesitation, for they had long wished to see the much-talked-of theatre San Carlos, at Naples. Upon a signal given by M. de Louvois, a post-chaise drew up at the door, as by magic, and his half-consenting and half-resisting companions were soon on the road to Italy. They rapidly crossed Tuscany and the Roman States, and reached Naples, the favored odject of the journey.

Whilst his companions were taking some rest, the Marquis hastened to the Teatro San Carlos, and asked to speak with the director; but, to his great dismay, he soon learnt that the season was over, and that not a note was to be heard in the rendezvous of the Neapolitan *Dilettante*. His gallantry strove at least to diminish the disappointment he had caused the fair travellers. He gave instructions in consequence, and in the evening, after announcing that the performances were unluckily over till next season, he conducted them to the Teatro San Carlos, which he had got splendidly lighted up, thus affording them a magnificent *coup d'œil*, in the absence of an opera inimated by the enthusiasm of a Neapolitan audience. "What a pity," said one of the ladies, "that we cannot hear a piece of Rossini's! How sonorous is the house!" "Well, Countess," replied M. de Louvois, "let your fine soprano voice give 'Una voce poco fa.' Your friend and I shall be your public." "How can I sing without accompaniment? a pretty effect it would have." "As for that, don't trouble yourself about it;" and upon a sign made by him to a man who stood by, the orchestra was immediately thronged with musicians, who gave the overture of the *Barbiere*, and next the ritornella to Rosina's celebrated cavantina. The Countess Merlin, compelled to ascend the stage on the demand of a public, consisting of two persons, sang her part to the satisfaction of the *whole house*, and then came and formed a public by the Marquis's side, while the Countess de Sparre, remembering her former triumphs, sang, with a beating heart, "Di piacer mi balza il Cor;" and the two ladies then sang the beautiful duet of *Semiramidi*—the fine contralto of the one, and brilliant soprano of the other, sounding in the immence empty house of San Carlo to the enthusiastic applause of one *fanatico par la musica*, who thus received, alone, the reward due to gallantry worthy of the brightest times of French chivalry.

If this anecdote be true, as is affirmed, the Marquis de Louvois is truly deserving of the seat which he holds in the Commission of Superintendence of the Royal Theatres of Paris.

Lord Lichfield and three of his friends, were very nearly killed the other day. The hour of the Manchester train was changed without any notice, which is a very common occurrence, and when Lord Lichfield got to Birmingham he found it was gone. He was much annoyed, as the Duke of Sussex and a large party were coming to dinner at his seat, Ranton Abbey. He asked whether he could have an engine for himself and party, which was immediately provided. Away they went at great speed, but owing to the neglect of a policeman in not turning a plate, they were carried with great force off the line, were in most imminent danger, and at last upset into a pit. They were all much injured, and one gentleman, Lord Lichfield's secretary, received so violent a contusion on his shins, that he has been in bed ever since.

Parisian Theatrical Management.—There are at all the principal Theatres in Paris, bands of hired persons, who are called *claquers, rieurs, et pleureurs*, (clappers, laughers and weepers.) They are regularly enlisted, and their business is to support new pieces. There are sometimes three hundred of them in the house, mingling as spectators with the audience. The most of them are paid by free admission to the theatre they *support*, but others, who are greater adepts in the art of exciting applause, receive also a pecuniary payment. A ludicrous case was tried recently at Paris, where a contractor sued the manager for the execution of a contract for a certain number of *clappers*. The defendant contended that he had not furnished a due supply of *laughers and weepers*, and the plaintiff lost his case.

Sir William Gooch, being in conversation with a gentleman in a street, in the city of Williamsburgh, returned the salute of a negro who was passing. "Sir, do you descend so far as to salute a slave?" said the gentleman. "Why yes," replied the Governor, "I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners."

Bacon continues *flat*. A *sharp* trade in *pickles*. *Seeds* of all descriptions have a strong tendency to *rise*.

Rhubarb still continues a *drug* on the market. Expected to remain so.

Putty continues stiff, but the general opinion is that it may be made to take *any shape*.

Bustles since the party in —— street, have moved with considerable animation; and bran is in consequence looking up.

Rye has *riz*, and, owing to the *grinding* propensities of the millers, comes lighter for sale.

The last advices from Liverpool state that *cotton* continues *light*, notwithstanding efforts are made to render it more firm.

In the *hay*-market the trade is looking up curiously enough ever since they have got rid of the men of *straw*.

There has been some *warm* operations in flour among the bakers, who are said to *knead* large quantities.

Should this Price Current please our readers, we may perhaps continue to give it occasionally.

KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE SPRING RACES over this Course will commence on the Second Tuesday, 14th May next (it being the week following the Washington City Races,) and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd names produce of Imp. Priam and Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White names produce of Goliah and Maid of Athens.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Imp. Tranby and Mary Randolph.
4. Geo. Symms names produce of Mons. Tonson and Jemima Wilkinson.
5. Col. John Heth names produce of Shark and Arietta.
6. Col. J. M. Selden names produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Isham Puckett names produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. J. M. Wilson names produce of Ivanhoe and Kitty Fisher.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Collier's dam.
10. Wm. Williamson & J. P. Corbin not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn names produce of Chateau Margaux and Flirtilla.
12. Also, produce of Eclipse and Isabella.
13. Col. W. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Peggy Madee (H. Maclin's).
14. Samuel Sprigg names produce of Imp. Autocrat and Nancy Norwood.
15. Col. Wade Hampton names produce of Argyle and Pocahontas.
16. Also, produce of Emma and Imp. Camel.
17. James S. Garrison names produce of Zinganee and Gabriella.

☞ The 7th and 8th entries to this stake were originally made by other individuals—the former by Mr. Thomas Pearsall, of Long Island, and the latter by Mr. Wm. Bosley, of Maryland; since which time they have become the property of Mr. Puckett, of Va., and Mr. Wilson, of Md., as entered, both of whom are responsible for each colt's engagement. As this change does not in any way affect the stake, it is presumed there will be no objection.

Second day—Purse $1000, $300 of which goes to the 2d best horse in the race if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $700—if but one, $500; ent. $50; Four mile heats.

Third day—Purse $500, of which $100 will be given to the 2d best horse if more than two start—if but two, the winner to receive $400—if but one, $300; ent. $25. Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $200, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

☞ Several purses will also be given during the meeting for Mile heats.

Sweepstakes now open.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500 each, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st April next, and to be run for at the Spring Meeting of 1839.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds to be run at the Fall Meeting of 1839, sub. $2000 each, h. ft., Two mile heats; 5 or more to make a race; to close 1st Sept., 1839.

The following Stakes are proposed by a worthy Patron of the Turf:—

A Breeders' Stake, to be run in 1840, to run 3 yr. olds in the Spring, Mile heats, sub. $1000 each, h. ft., and Two mile heats in the Fall, sub. $2000 each, h. ft.; 5 or more subscribers to make a race; to name and close 1st Sept. 1839. In this stake a Breeder can enter as many colts of his own breeding as he thinks proper, and run either of them, but must run one or pay the forfeit.

☞ Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes, will please address the subscriber at Baltimore, as early as convenient, as early entries induce others to enter to stakes to which they otherwise would not.

Trotting Purses.

In addition to the above Purses and Sweepstakes, the subscriber to amuse and gratify a large portion of the patrons of the Kendall Course, is induced to offer the following purses to be Trotted for:—

On the day previous to the races, a purse of $100, free only for horses which never won a purse, Mile heats best 3 in 5, under the Saddle; the entrance money to go to the 2d horse in the last heat.

Same day—A purse of $200, free only for horses which never won a purse of over $100, Mile heats in Harness; entrance money to go to the 2d in the last heat.

The above two Trotting purses are free only for horses belonging to Maryland, on the first day of Feb. 1839.

On the day following the races, a purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free for all horses; Three mile heats under the Saddle.

Same day—A purse of $300, $100 of which goes to the horse that is 2d in the last heat; free only for horses which never won a purse over $100; Two mile heats under the Saddle.

The above Trotting to be governed by the Rules of the Hunting Park Trotting Course.

Entries for the first two Trotting Purses will close on the Saturday previous to the races, at 5 o'clock, P.M. Entries for the last two Trotting Purses will close on the last day of the races, at 12 o'clock M. Entrance 5 per cent.

The Race Horses will have a track exclusively appropriated to their use, as also will the Trotting horses to theirs. The time of exercise will be so arranged that they will not be in the way or interference of each other. The track, and every thing appertaining to the course, will be put in the best possible order. Stables, litter, &c., will be furnished gratis to race and trotting horses, that visit the course for the purpose of racing or trotting, but the subscriber cannot promise to accommodate horses that are brought for sale or show. He will promise good stables, &c., for 65 or 70—possibly a few more.

The liberal patronage of the public has inspirited the subscriber to offer greater inducements than formerly. He will hereafter hold out still greater inducements each Spring and Fall than have heretofore been offered in this section of the country.

Kendall Course, Feb. 7, 1839.—[F9] JAMES B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES

THE SPRING MEETING for 1839 will come off under the following new arrange ment, on the third or fourth week in May.

First day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, added to a Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds bred in Ohio, Mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Same day—Proprietors' Purse $100, free for anything, Mile heats. A Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., to name by the 20th March, 1839, is proposed to be run for with the Purse.

Second day—Cincinnati Gold Cup, value $500, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, added to a Sweepstakes of $100 each, h. ft.; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Third day—Buckeye Plate, value $500, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., free for all ages, Two mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, with a Sweepstakes of $500 each, h. ft., added, Three mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fifth day—Proprietors' Purse $500, for 3 yr. olds, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats, to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, added to a Sweepstakes of $1000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats; to name by 20th March, 1039.

The preceding plan, to get up handsome Sweepstakes for our next Spring Meeting, promises to meet with great encouragement from Breeders. Attaching them, as we have done, to the Purses, gives us a surety of a race. The subscribers to the stakes will have an equal chance for the purses with those entering in the usual way, the evening previous to the race, an entry not in the sweepstakes can win the purse only, but an entry in the stakes may win both purse and stakes. Winners of plates are not prohibited from running for the purses. It is therefore arranged that the winner of the Cincinnati Gold Cup may start for the 3 yr. old Purse of $500, Two mile heats, and the winner of the Buckeye Plate may start for the Four mile Purse.

All entries must be enclosed to GEO. N. SANDERS, P. M., Grass Hills, Carroll County, Ky. Nominations made previously to the 20th day of March, may be changed up to the time of closing.

We have at great expense established the Cincinnati Race Course, contiguous to the city, and under the patronage of a highly respectable and numerous Club. Some additional improvements will be made, and our stables increased to give good accommodation to one hundred horses. There are already one or more entries to each proposition, and from the number of 3 yr. olds in the country, we anticipate at least twenty entries for the Cincinnati Gold Cup, and have assurances of a great number of entries to the other stakes.

Cincinnati, Feb. 23, 1839.—[m2t1my] GEORGE M. LONG, GEORGE N. SANDERS, } Proprietors.

IMPORTED BELSHAZZAR.

I HAVE the pleasure to tender to the public generally, and to my friends in particular, the services of this splendid English Stallion. He is now in my stable, in the city of Nashville, in good health and condition, and will be ready for service on the following terms:—$125 insurance, $100 the season (to commence on the 15th Feb. and end on the 1st July), which may be discharged by the payment of $75 within the year, and $1 to the groom in each case, which will be expected at the stable door. The best pasturage the county affords, and grain at usual prices, and every attention to mares, but no l iability for accidents or escapes.

PEDIGREE.

To breeders and sportsmen conversant with the blood horse, it would be sufficient to name sire and dam. But for others, we say, Belshazzar was got by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews—Mandane by Pot-8-o's—Young Camilla by Woodpecker—Camilla by Trentham—Coquette by the Compton Barb—Sister to Regulus by the Godolphin Arabian—Grey Robinson by the Bald Galloway—Sister to Old Country Wench by Snake—Grey Wilks (sister to Clumsey) by Hautboy—Miss D'Arcy's Pet mare, daughter of a Sedbury Royal mare. It fully appears from the above that he has the maximum of blood, and that he derives his purity through the line of most illustrious ancestors. In other words, his breeding is not only thorough, but also most fashionable. He draws blood from Eclipse through Joe Andrews, a good son, and King Fergus and Pot-8-o's, his best sons. He draws blood from King Herod through Phenomenon and Woodpecker, very good sons, and Highflyer, his best, and has streams from the best English and Foreign sources for centuries. His family in near alliance show a due proportion of winners of distinguished prizes. His dam won the Oaks, and produced Memnon, a Doncaster St. Leger winner. Her sister, also won the St. Leger. Brutandorf, out of Mandane, was a good winner and Stallion, and Lottery, another son, though queer in temper, was, in my opinion, able to beat when he pleased, any horse of his day. Theodore, out of Blacklock's dam, won the St. Leger, and any one who reads the account of this great race of Blacklock's year, the state of the odds, and examines the performances, before and after, must come to the conclusion, that he should have beat Ebor. And he proved himself a better stallion, far better than his competitor.

PERFORMANCES.

Belshazzar won the 2 yr. old stakes of 20 sovs. each, at York August Meeting, 1832, 18 subs.; won 20 sovs. each at Doncaster, 31 subs.; the St. Leger of 25 sovs. each, at York August Meeting, 15 subs.; the Gascoigne stakes of 100 sovs. each, at Doncaster, 5 subs.; and in this year Mr. Watt refused 5000 guineas for him. At Newmarket Spring Meeting in 1834, he won a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, 5 subs. He gave Jason 13lbs. and Shylock 11lbs. But in this year, in a contest with Consol, he broke down, and was turned into the breeding stud, and became a very popular stallion. Among the horses he beat, were Rockingham (winner of the Doncaster St. Leger), Glaucus (winner of the Whip at Newmarket, and the Ascot Cup), Muley Molock, and many others. Mr. Watt's b. f. Cara, the first of his get, has appeared twice in public, with great credit. She at 2 yrs. old won the Criterion stakes of 30 sovs. each, 36 subs., at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, beating two Langars (placed 2d and 3d); also a Reveller, a Mulatto, two Camels, an Emilius, a Cain, a Zinganee, two Priams, and many others. She ran for the Chesterfield stakes at the July Meeting, and looked like a winner till near the chair, when she ran out and lost her chance. The dam and grandam of Belshazzar bred winners of 99 races, and 19 times winners of four mile races.

DESCRIPTION.

Belshazzar is a dark chesnut, foaled in 1830, full 16 hands high, of good length and great substance, with accurate proportions, and the most blood-like appearance; and though plain horses in many instances run well, it is but justice to say, in addition to his racing qualities, Belshazzar must attract the notice of breeders by his general high finish, and an exquisite head and neck. THOMAS ALDERSON.

Nashville, Feb. 12, 1839.—[m16–3t.]

SADDLERY.

GEORGE DERICK, 239 Broadway, corner of Park Place, opposite the Park, (late of Wall-street,) continues to keep on hand the greatest assortment of City-made Saddles and Harness of superior workmanship—Ladies' and Gentlemens' Saddles of English and American manufacture, consisting of Somerset, Quilted and Plain, Shafto and Race; also English Bridles, Martingals, Whips, &c. A very extensive stock of Travelling Trunks, Ladies' Waterproof Hat cases and Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valises, &c. A great variety of Belts and Stirrup Irons, Needham's Box Spurs in Steel, Plated and Brass, Korn's Patent Fly Nets, Summer Sheets, and a general assortment of Horse Clothing; Fletcher and Louis' Patent Spring Girths, Carriage and Tilbury Harness of superior style and quality; also extra light Wagon and Trotting Harness. A large stock of Whalebone Rosetts, Sarcingles, Chavois, Curry and Mane Combs, Sponges, Trimming Shears and Water Spoke and Whalebone Brushes.

Collars and Saddles carefully fitted.

☞ Gentlemen in want of any of the above articles, would do well to call and examine the same.

N.B. G. Derick has received two Silver Medals and several Diplomas for the best Harness exhibited at the Fairs of the American Institute. [m16–4t.]

NEW YORK RACES.

THE FIRST SPRING MEETING OF 1839, over the Union Course, Long Island, will commence as usual on the first Tuesday in May, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes of $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. Tillotson names produce of Polly Jones and Barefoot.
2. Also, of Medoc's dam and Gohanna.
3. A. P. Hamlin names produce of Empress and Gohanna.
4. J. C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
5. A. L. Botts names produce of Ostrich and Gohanna.
6. John Heth names produce of Arietta and Shark.
7. J. C. Stevens names produce of Romp and Henry.
8. Jas. Bathgate names produce of Highland Mary and Barefoot.
9. R. F. Stockton names produce of Powancey and Shark.
10. Also, of Miss Mattie and Shark.
11. S. L. Gouveneur names produce of Post Boy's dam and Barefoot.
12. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Polly Hopkins and Emilius.
13. Also, of Lalla Rookh and Henry.

Same day—Sweepstakes of $1000 each, $250 ft., Mile heats; second best in the race to ceive back his stakes. Closed with four subs., viz.:

1. S. L. Gouveneur names produce of Geranium and Barefoot.
2. J. C. Stevens names produce of Black Maria and Gohanna.
3. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Celeste and Shark.
4. Wm. Gibbons names produce of Bonnets o' Blue and Shark.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same day—Match between Capt. Stockton and Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, with stable against stable, of 3 year olds, for $1000 aside, P. P.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $500, (provided four horses start; if not four, the purse will be $400,) Three mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes of $300 each, $100 ft., Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. H. Wilkes names produce of Saluda and Barefoot.
2. J. Bathgate names produce of Maid of the Mill and Barefoot.
3. J. C. Stevens names produce of Janette and Gohanna.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names produce of Meg Dods and Shark.
5. Also, of Celeste's sister and Richard.
6. J. C. Stevens names produce of Goliah's dam and Terror.
7. Wm. Gibbons names Mariner by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue.
8. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Modesty and Monmouth Eclipse.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, (provided four horses run; if not four, the purse will be $800,) Four mile heats.

Same day—Match between Messrs. Robt. Tillotson and Robt. L. Stevens, with 3 yr. olds, $1000 aside, h. ft., Mile heats.

Sweepstakes, 2d Spring Meeting.

Memorandum of Sweepstakes to be run over the Union Course, at the Second Spring Meeting of 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $2000, P. P., Four mile heats.

SUBSCBIBERS.

1. W. Livingston names b. c. Job, by Eclipse, out of Jemima.
2. John Heth names Jack Kremer, by Luzborough, dam by Eclipse.
3. R. F. Stockton names b. f. Caroline, by Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie.
4. J. C. Stevens names s. c. Fordham, by Eclipse, out of Janette.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $1000, $250 ft., Mile heats; with a declaration of $100 by the 1st of April. To be run the 1st day of the Meeting.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. F. Stockton names br. c. by Emilius, out of Young Mouse.
2. Also, " ch. c. by Rowton, out of Nanine.
3. Also, " b. c. by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
4. Robt. L. Stevens names Emilius filly, out of Polly Hopkins.
5. Also, " Priam filly, out of Betsey Ransom.
6. Also, " Shark colt, out of Celeste.
7. John C. Stevens names Terrific, by Gohanna, out of Black Maria.
8. Also, " ch. c. by Gohanna, out of Janette.
9. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Mary Blunt, by Mons. Tonson.
10. Wm. Jones names produce of Dove, by Roman.
11. J. H. Vanmater names produce of Jane Grey, dam by Monmouth Eclipse.
12. John D. Kirby names b. c. by Shakspeare, out of Merritt's Imp. mare.

Mem.—Any declaration of forfeit to the above stake must be made in writing, directed to A. L. Botts, Sec'y of the New York Jockey Club, and post-marked by the 1st of April.

3. Sweepstake now open for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, $50 ft., Mile heats. To name and close by the 11th of April; but no winner previous to the time of entry, allowed to enter.

Further particulars of these races in time.

Books of subscription to Sweepstakes always open, for all ages, and at all times.

The Beacon Course Races.—Details of these races will appear on Saturday next.

New York, March 14, 1839.—[M16] A. L. BOTTS, D. H. BRANCH.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB.

THE SPRING RACES of 1839, over the *Washington Course*, will commence the First Tuesday, 7th May, and continue four days.

First day—Will be run a splendid Produce Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836, sub. $1000 each, $200 ft.; Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wm. H. Tayloe names produce of Miss Chance and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
2. Wm. L. White names produce of Sir Philip's dam and Goliah.
3. E. J. Hamilton names produce of Nenon and Imp. Tranby.
4. O. H. Oliver names produce of Young Flirtilla and Eclipse.
5. Thos. D. Watson names produce of Tuberose and Mons. Tonson.
6. Wm. D. Boone names produce of Agility and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
7. Wm. H. Minge names produce of Eliza Riley and ———.
8. Also, " " " Mazeppa's dam and ———.
9. Gilmore & Tyson name produce of Sally Walker and Imp. Tranby.
10. J. M. Botts names produce of Mischief and Tobacconist.
11. O. P. Hare names produce of Miss Waxy (by Sir Archie) and Mons. Tonson.
12. Wm. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
13. Also, " " " Martha Ann and Imp. Tranby.
14. Chas. McClannahan names produce of Donna Maria's dam and Mons. Tonson.
15. John Heth names produce of Screamer and Imp. Tranby.
16. Also, " " " Nancy Dawson and Hotspur.
17. John C. Craig names produce of Reality and Shark.
18. Robt. B. Corbin names produce of Betsey Haxall and Eclipse.
19. W. J. Stratton names produce of Madame Lavalette and Eclipse, for J. W. D.
20. Philip Wallace names produce of Lubly Rose and Imp. Tranby.

Second day—Purse $500, ent. $20, Three mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Ladies' Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, —— heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st April.

[d22–t4my] EDWARD J. WILSON, Proprietor.

OAKLAND COURSE, LOUISVILLE.

THE following are the nominations for the great Sweepstakes to be run over the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at the next Fall Mesting (first week in October), $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats; closed 1st Jan., 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver & M. W. Dickey enter gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, now 3 yrs. old.
2. W. T. Ward enters b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster, by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs. old.
3. W. Viley enters ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 3 yrs. old.
4. G. N. Sanders & Lewis Sanders, Jr. enters b. c. *Occident*, by Bertrand, out of Diamond, by Florizel, 3 yrs.
5. Sidney Burbridge enters b. c. *Tarlton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 4 yrs.
6. Jas. L. Bradley & H. B. Steele enter ch. c. *Hawk-eye*, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, by Jenkins' William, 4 yrs.
7. Archie Cheatham enters b. c. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.
8. Jas. S. Garrison enters ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 4 y.
9. William Wynn enters br. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archie, 4 y.
10. Wm. Buford, Jr. enters ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko.

[Mar23–4t] JOHN S. GRAHAM, Sec. J. C.

MEDOC.

THE services of this fine horse are again offered to the Breeders of Kentucky. He will remain at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford County, where he will be let to mares at *One Hundred Dollars* each, to be paid in the season, which will end on the first of July next. He will be limited to seventy-five mares. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, and excellent blue grass pastures furnished gratis. We recommend him with great confidence, believing that he has proven himself equal, if not superior as a breeder, to any horse that has ever appeared in the United States. His first season was made when he was only five years old, and last year his colts appeared on the turf for the first time, at 3 yrs. old, and numbered *Sixteen Winners at all distances, from One to Four mile heats*. The time made in these races will compare with any upon record. (See the race of Maria Duke and Curculia at Louisville last Spring, Mile heats best 3 in 5, each heat run in 1:48—Picayune and Musedora's race at Crab Orchard, in August, Three mile heats, run in 5:57—5:55—5:54,—Curculia's race at Lexington, Two mile heats, 3:52—3:52—3:54, distancing the field, track heavy.)

Out of the dams of these 16 colts, not one, except the dam of Curculia, ever produced a race-horse before. Nine of his colts have been sold for $23,500, viz; Curculia, $5000, Maria Duke $4000, Medoca $3000, Sthreshley $2500, Picayune $2000, Musedora $2000, J. F. Robinson $2000, Filly out of the dam of Ironette, $2000, and Ben Harrison $1000, when a yearling.

His colts are remarkable for their gaiety, beauty and symmetry, and as a strong evidence of their fine appearance, they have had awarded to them more premiums at the Fairs in this part of Kentucky, than the colts of all other horses together have received. Medoc's blood and performances on the turf, have been published in all the sporting journals of the United States, to which reference may be made. We wish, at this time, to present him as a very distinguished breeder, and hope that he will receive that consideration and patronage to which he is entitled.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 20, 1839.—[m2–t1J.] WILLIAM BUFORD & Co.

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of LEWIS K. GRIGSBY, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season, and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

ENVOY'S *Pedigree.*—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of ENVOY, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822; he was got by Whisker, (brother to Whalebone, Wire, Woful, etc.,) out of Manuella, the dam of The Abbott, Belzoni, Margellina, Nitocres, Belshazzar (lately imported to this country) and other first raters. Manuella was got by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri. [See General Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 687.] It will be seen that *Envoy's* pedigree combines the purest and most fashionable blood on the side of both sire and dam; his distinguished ancestry were celebrated as winners at long distances, carrying heavy weights; the stock of both his sire and dam are remarkable for their beauty, speed, and stoutness, winning at all distances, and training on.

Description of ENVOY'S *Sire, the renowned* MEMNON.—He was foaled in 1822; in 1824, when 2 yrs. old, he won his two races, and the next year, at the York Spring Meeting, he won the St. Leger Stakes, and at Doncaster, on Tuesday, 25th Sept., he won the *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 88 subscribers, of which 30 started; he won it so easily, that none but he and his great antagonist, *The Alderman*, were placed. He won many other races at all distances.

Description of ENVOY.—He is now 5 years old, and was imported from England by the Hon. WM. WILKINS, late Minister to Russia, before he was 2 yrs. old. He is much improved, and looks remarkably well, with his points now finely developed. He is of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is over 16 hands high. The Proprietor has, at his stable, a colt by him, out of his old Moses mare, 18 months old, and now between 14 and 15 hands high, that is said to be one of the finest colts in the country; also, at the stable where he stands in Clark County, Ky., a filly foaled on the 14th April, 1838, out of the same mare, which is very large and very fine. To judge from these colts Envoy must breed well. Breeders and Turfmen would do well to call and examine Envoy and his colts! [F2–tes]

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Mulberry Course, Fredericksburg, Va., Spring Meeting 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race to name and close 10th April. Now 4 subs., viz.:

John S. Corbin, | Col. John C. Gibson,
Wm. McCargo, | Maj. Thos. Doswell.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats, 4 or more to make a race; to name and close as above. Now 2 subs.:

Wm. McCargo, | John S. Corbin.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries in the above stakes will please direct to Mr. T. H. RAMSEY, Fredericksburg, Va.

☞ The *Regular Spring Races* will commence on 4th Tuesday, 28th May.

[m2] WM. McCARGO

CHARLES KEMBLE.

THIS superior Stallion will stand the present season at Chester Town and Centreville Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence at Chester Town, on the 4th March, and he will stand one week at each place throughout the season.

Pedigree of Charles Kemble.—He was got by Sir Archy, out of the celebrated mare Maria, by Gallatin; her dam by Simms Wildair—grandam by Imp. Traveller, out of an imported mare. [See Turf Register, vol. 4, page 428.]

Performances.—Charles Kemble has won at the Union Course, L. I., Washington City, Baltimore, Md., Trenton, and Fairfield, Va.—beating some of the best horses in the United States, viz.: Black Maria, Alice Grey, Henry Archer, Hunslap, Agility, Azalia, Prince George, Dolly Dixion, Lady Nashville, Powhattan, Robin Hood, Blue Streak, Mary Lee, Alp, Sally Eubanks, Jesse, Rosalie Somers, Adjutant, Dick Beasley, Maid of the Neck, &c. &c.—running all distances, from One to Four mile heats, in extraordinary good time.

Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1839.—[F23] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

PLAQUEMINE (La.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the Plaquemine Jockey Club Course, will commence on the third Wednesday of April, and continue four days, as the four mile day will be omitted at this meeting by a resolution of the Club. The following will be the order of the purses:—

First day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Creole Purse $300, Mile heats.

Fourth day—For the entrance money of the previous days, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

[F9] WM. B. ROBERTSON, Jr., Secretary

MILLEDGEVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1839, over the Milledgeville Course, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d April, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race, to close 1st March. Now 2 subs., viz:—

Col. G. Edmonson, | T. Vanlandingham.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to close 1st March.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $700, Four mile heats,

Fifth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $250, h. ft., Two mile heats, to which will be added the *Young Plate*, valued at $1000. Closed with 5 subs., viz:—

Iverson & Bonner, | Kenan & Vanlandingham, | Col. Wm. McCargo.
Col. G. Edmonson, | Lewis Lovell, |

Milledgeville, Feb. 5, 1839—[F16–tf.] H. F. YOUNG & Co., Proprietors.

GREENSBOROUGH, (Ala.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVFR the Henry Course, will commence on the 1st Tuesday, 7th May next, for the following purses:—

First day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $800, Four mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Cluq Purse $400, Three mile heats.

TAYLOE, BRANCH & BEVERLEY, Proprietors.

Greensborough, Dec. 26, 1838.—[J19]

TROTTING HORSE WASHINGTON FOR SALE.

THIS celebrated trotting horse is offered for sale on liberal terms. He is nine years old this Spring, and is not only perfectly sound, but in good condition. That he unites great speed to unflinching game, the annexed summary of his performances amply demonstrates as a further proof of the estimation in which he is held at the present time, the subscriber begs to offer the following

Trotting Challenge.

I will trot WASHINGTON for ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS aside, against any horse, mares or gelding, Two mile heats in harness, over the Beacon Course, on the 8th day of May next, $500 forfeit; weight according to the trotting rules of said Couse. This Challenge will remain open for 10 days.

N.B. If this match should not be taken, then the horse will be for sale.

J. D. McMANN.

Performances of Washington.

April 29, 1836—Match in waggons.

Washington	1
Mail Carrier	2

May 19, 1836—Three mile heats in harness, on Centreville Course

Washington	1	2	1
Alexander	2	1	2

Time, 8:25—8:27—8:27.

Sept. 23, 1836—Two mile heats in harness, Trenton Course, N. J.

Washington	1	1
Dick	3	2
Montgomery	2	3

Time, 5:52—5:54.

Sept. 30, 1836—Three mile heats in harness, Centreville Course, L. I.

Washington	1	1
Rolla	2	2
Cato	3	dist.

Time, 8:26½—8:19.

Nov. 9, 1836—Three mile heats in harness, Trenton Course, N J.

Washington	1	1
Apology	2	2
Richard III	3	dist.

Time, 8:44—8:30.

1837—Two mile heats in harness, Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia.

Washington	1	1
Andrew Jackson	2	2

May 29, 1837—Three mile heats in harness, Centreville Course, L. I.

Washington	1	2	1
Ratler	2	3	2
Aaron Burr	3	1	3

Time, 8:34—8:37—8:45.

June 6, 1837—Two mile heats in harness, Trenton Course, N. J.

Washington	2	1	1
Mountain Sylph	1	2	2
Norman Leslie	3	3	dist.

Time, 5:42½—5:42—5:29.

June 14, 1837—Two mile heats in harness on the Philadelphia Course.

Washington	1	1
Henry Clay	2	2

Time, 5:24—5:31.

Dec. 8, 1837—In waggon on Third Avenue.

Washington	1
Yankee Doodle	2

May 15, 1838—Washington walked over the Philadelphia Course, no horse contending against him.

June 22, 1838—Two mile heats in harness, Beacon Course, N. J.

Washington	1	1
Greenwich Maid	2	2
Dutchman	3	3
Rattler	dist.	

Time, 5:19—5:17.

July 4, 1838—Two mile heats in harness, Beacon Course, N. J.

Washington	1	1
Dutchman	3	2
Greenwich Maid	2	3

Time, 5:21—5:16.

For further particulars enquire at the NEW YORK HIPPONA, 65 Watt street.

March 21, 1839.—[M23-3t]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

TO THE BREEDERS AND TURFMEN OF THE SOUTH AND WEST.—A portion of the Stud of Horses belonging to Col. JOHN HETH, of Virginia, will be sold for cash at Lexington, Ky., during the ensuing Spring Meeting. Among them are the following, of the most approved and fashionable stock.

1. *Chesnut Mare*, 6 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, out of Brenda (the dam of the celebrated race-horse and stallion, Collier,) by Young Whip, the son of Old Whip, owned by Mr. Cook of Kentucky: his dam by Old Medley, and her dam a Medley mare.
2. *Drunken Frolic*, out of Brenda by Sweet Larry, he by Sir Alfred, out of a full sister to old Sir Archie.
3. A —— *Mare*, 4 yrs. old, by Andrew (the sire of Balie Peyton), out of No, 2.
4. *Chesnut Colt*, 3 yrs. old, by Hotspur (the sire of Mazeppa), out of No. 2.
5. *Bay Filly*, 2 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of No. 2.
6. *Chesnut Horse*, by Sir Charles, out of Mr. Wickham's Tariff mare.
7. That beautiful stallion *Ormond*, one of the handsomest sons of Sir Charles, out of an Alfred mare.

☞ Several other horses, mares, &c., will be offered for sale at the same time, whose pedigrees and ages, in consequence of Col. Heth's absence in England, cannot now be obtained, but a full and authentic account of everything relating to the stock, will be ready by the day of sale.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 27, 1839. [m2.]

Dr. HULL'S NEW TRUSS.

HERNIA CURED—PATENT OF 1833.—The public can now be assured that by the use of this Truss, young persons and children are the subjects of a speedy and certain cure, unparalleled instances of which are daily occurring in persons of advanced life. The approval of this instrument by the first Surgeons in the United States and England, and the immense number of Patients cured, has rendered its *superiority* over all other Trusses a matter of certainty.

Caution—The celebrity of Dr. Hull's Truss has caused many inferior articles to be manufactured, pretending to be his. Those wearing trusses cannot be too cautious in avoiding these dangerous *spurious instruments*, which have caused additional suffering to the afflicted. The genuine will have the signature of Dr. A. G. Hull on the pad of each of them, by attention to which safety will be ensured.

Office No. 4 Vesey Street, Astor House. [m2–4m.]

ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Subscriber begs leave to notify the public that he has taken the House in Winnsboro', S.C., formerly kept as a House of Entertainment by Hugh Barkley, and pledges himself to use his best exertions to maintain for it the reputation which it had in Mr. Barkley's time. He hopes for a liberal share of public patronage, as he will endeavor to deserve it, by his exertions to satisfy the public, in the arrangements both of the house and the stables. J. F. GAMBLE.

☞ This House will hereafter be known as the "Eagle Hotel." [m16–5t.]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient, and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the night. [Mar16–tf.]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BALTIMORE, Md. - - -	Kendall Course, Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
BELFIELD, Va. - - - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th April.
BROAD ROCK, Va. - - -	Tree Hill Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 23d April.
CINCINNATI, Ohio. - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d or 4th week in May.
COLUMBUS, Miss. - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st May.
FREDERICKSBURG, Va.	Mulberry Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 28th May.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - -	Henry Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
HOUSTON, Texas, - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Monday, 15th April.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - -	Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - - -	Association Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st May.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 15th May.
MAYSVILLE, Ky. - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
MACON, Ga. - - - - - -	Central Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th April.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - -	Bascombe Course, *Trotting* Meeting, 2d week in April.
MONROE, La. - - - - -	Oachita Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th April.
NEW YORK, - - - - - - -	Union Course, First J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.
" "	Match, $1000 aside, P.P., between Capt. Stockton and Mr. Robt. L Stevens, with stable against stable, of 3 yr. olds.
" "	Match, $1000 aside, h. ft., between Messrs. Robt. Tillotson and Robt L. Stevens, with 3 yr. olds, Mile heats.
" "	Beacon Course, First Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 14th May.
" "	Beacon Course, *Trotting* Meeting, 4th Thursday, 25th April.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - -	Pharsalia Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, last Monday, 29th April.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 17th May.
" "	Post Sweepstakes of several subscribers on previous day, the 6th.
PETERSBURG, Va. - - -	Newmarket Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th April.
" "	Match, $10,000 aside, 2 m. h. *Boston* vs. *Portsmouth*.
PLAQUEMINE, La. - - -	Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 17th April.
RALEIGH, N. C. - - - - -	State Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th April.
" "	Match, $10,000 aside, 2 m. h., *Boston* vs. *The Queen*, same meeting.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - -	Prairie Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Monday, 13th May.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - -	Eagle Course, Spring Meeting, last Tuesday 28th May.
WASHINGTON CITY. -	National course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 7th May.

ENGLISH SPORTING ITEMS.

Large Salmon.—On Tuesday, shortly after the irruption of the ice, a young man, who was carrying water from the river, perceived a dead salmon floating among the loose fragments, which he got hold of and carried off as a water-waif. The salmon was in fine preservation, and of the enormous weight of 38lb. This is among the largest fishes ever known to be taken out of the Tweed. Some twenty years ago Sir James, then Mr. Graham, succeeded in trauling with the rod a fine salmon of 37lb. weight. The largest, however, ever remembered to be taken, was one caught by "Tammie Lillie," upwards of sixty years ago. A very remarkable circumstance attending this capture was, that weighing as it did 53lb., it had extricated its body from the net, and would have made its escape, had not a tooth of enormous size got entangled in one of the meshes, by which it was dragged ashore, greatly to the delight as well as surprise of Old Thomas.

Steeple Chace Match at Melton.—A correspondent has favored us with the following particulars of the match run on Friday week, between Lord Sheffield's Jerry and Lord Cranstoun's Sir William, both bought of Mr. Elmore, who has repurchased Jerry, and intends to send him to Liverpool.—The match was for 500 guineas, carrying 12 stone each, Mr. Allen M'Donogh riding Sir William, and James Mason Jerry. The start was from the Swing-bridge, near Throp Arnold, half a mile on the Stapleford side of Melton, leaving Barton Lazaes on the right, close to which was a green lane, which they had to cross. Out of the lane was a very awkward fence. Jerry jumped too far into the lane, and fell against the opposite bank on Mason's leg. After a long scramble they both got up together, and were soon at work again. The ground was then a little down hill, over ridge and furrow, to Burton Brook, which they jumped, with a fence before it. They then had a fine flat over Leesthorpe plain, leaving Berry Gorse to the left; the fencing here was very strong. After this they had to climb a severe hill, and cross the road to Leesthorpe. From this point Jerry made severe running down a field covered with immense large mole hills, knowing it to be his only chance to get Sir William down. At the bottom of this field they jumped the Whissenden brook, which they both cleared, much to the surprise of the bystanders; the brook is about 20 feet wide, and about a quarter of a mile from home. After this came a fence, which Sir William hit and fell on his nose, throwing Mr. M'Donogh off, who remounted as quick as thought, and was going when Jerry came up to him. The finish was up hill, into a wheat field. Mr. M'Donogh took the advantage of some kind friend opening a gate for him, while Jerry was to his left, and had to take an awkward double fence. However, they both cleared the last fence together, but Jerry, unable to finish for want of condition, was beaten by about two lengths.

The finish was at the back of Addcock's Lodge, half way between Oakham and Melton. It was a very long and severe four miles, well chosen for the spectators and to prove a hunter. At least, there were 500 red coats, well mounted, to see the race, and meet Sheffield's hounds that met in the neighborhood, and had a good day. Neither horse refused a fence, and it was allowed by all the Melton gents that the riding on both sides was masterly.

Trotting Match.—A match came of on Tuesday last, on the Mile End road, against time, Mr. Burtford, of the London road, betting Mr. Beagle, of the St. George's road, £10 that the gelding belonging to the latter did not trot 12 miles, drawing a chaise and driven by Mr. Church, in one hour. The horse won by 3½ minutes.

Match against Time.—A correspondent states that a sporting match came off on Tuesday last, the 5th Feb., on the Albrighton and Chester road, a black horse, the property of a gentleman residing near Wellington (Salop), being backed for a large sum to trot two miles in 6¼ minutes, which he performed in splendid style, trotting his first mile in 2 minutes and 59 seconds, and his second in 2 minutes and 57 seconds, thus winning the match by 34 seconds. He was admirably rode by his spirited owner, who never allowed him once to break. Taking into consideration the heavy state the roads are now in, in consequence of the late severe weather, it is an extraordinary feat. His owner, after having accomplished the match, leapt him over three large fences, one of which was a regular rasper, having a sunken drain on either side, and he took them admirably. He is a beautiful as well as a wonderful little horse, and the splendid condition he is now in, with the masterly style in which he is rode, does his owner great credit. He can be backed to walk one mile, trot five, and leap three times over a stone wall, for £50 or £100, against any horse, mare, or gelding in England. His owner states that he is still open to make a match with the Glasgow mare; to trot 20 miles, carrying 12st., and weight for inches, against any horse, mare, or gelding in England, for 200*l*. or 500*l*. aside, the great Birmingham mare not excepted.

Death by Elephant Hunting.—(From the Asiatic Journal, February 1839.)—Mr. Wallett, only son of Brevet Major Wallett, commandant at Jaffna, was killed by an elephant on Thursday last, near Ruanwelle. It appears that, having heard of a tusker, Mr. Wallett, attended by two native boys, went in pursuit and met it in a herd of three. He fired one barrel, and is said to have hit the animal; but the second barrel of his gun missed fire, and the elephant rushed upon him before he could get another gun from his terrified attendants. It immediately crushed him to death, and went off for a few minutes, but returning, thrust his tusks through the body, and tore all the clothes off. It is a curious coincidence that Mr. Wallett lost his life not far from the place where Major Haddock was killed by an elephant about seven year ago.—*Colombo Observer*, Oct. 1, 1838.—Lieutenant Gallway 90th light infantry, and Ensign Scroggs, of the 18th royal Irish regiment, proceeded last Thursday to the place where Mr. Wallett was killed by the elephant, in expectation of finding the animal after a diligent search in the jungles they fell in with the elephant and fired four shots at him, which brought him on his knees; but he soon got up again and made off, closely pursued by the intrepid sportsmen, who succeeded in killing him with six additional shots.—*Ceylon Herald*, Oct. 9, 1838.—Mr. Scroggs had a narrow escape himself in July last, while on a shooting excursion with his unfortunate friend, Mr. Wallett. An elephant of the largest size rushed upon him, and when within the distance of ten paces he fortunately shot him through the head, and killed him instantly.

Amateur Sportsmen in trouble.—Upwards of forty gentlemen who attended the late Tittensor meeting have been served with notice from the Officer of Stamps and Taxes in the district for sporting without being duly licensed by certificate. Owners of dogs, subscribers to the plate, or mere spectators, are indiscriminately included. Some *kind* friend—a better friend to the revenue than one who evinces a love to his neighbor—has laid the informations.—North Staffordshire Mercury.—[The "Officer of Stamps and Taxes" deserves a good ducking for his trouble. It really appears that the Commissioners of Taxes are pursuing a course which can have no other effect than to put an end to our most popular sports, and bring themselves into universal contempt.—Ed. Bell's Life.]

Pigeon Shooting.—The match at Mr. Neal's, Woodhall Arms, at Stapleford, Herts, between Mr. R. Groom and Mr. J. Pecke, of Hertford, came off on Friday, and was won by Mr. Groom, who killed 8 out of 11, and his opponent (who declined at the 10th shot) only two. The birds were good, and the wind strong. In the evening the host served up an excellent spread to the party assembled.

Snow-Ball Battle in Paris.—The Palais Royal was the scene of a curious battle the other day, between some score of wicked apprentices, and about the same number of Algerine Arabs, whom the *garains* had been tormenting. Though unaccustomed to the use of the missile employed, viz., the snow-ball, the Arabs fought with wondrous zeal, and stripped off their *burnous* for the work. In the heat of the battle, most of them lost their turbans or linen headgear, displaying their bald pates, whilst the spacious inexpressibles of many slipped stays. A great crowd collected, and never did pantomime produce more laughter. The police were obliged to shut up the garden of the Palais Royal.

A match for a splendid gun was shot for on Tuesday, the 5th inst., at Copenhagen House, by ten members, at six birds each. J. Dickinson, killing all his birds with admirable skill, was declared the winner.

Stallions for 1839.

☞ Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of Twenty Dollars, in this paper, no charge will be made.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 & $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $60 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

ANVIL, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (dam of Picton, Duane, etc.) by Sir Archy, at Station Camp (Hon. B. Peyton's farm) near Gallatin, Tenn., at $50 and $75.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, at R. P. Stark's stable, Hopkinsville, Ky., at $70 in the season, $80 on the 1st Jan., and $1 to the groom.

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Imp. Gracchus, 12 miles west of Philadelphia, at $40 the season for thorough bred mares.

BILL AUSTIN, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, at W. B. Taylor's stable, near Montgomery. (Ala.) Race Course, at $50, and $1 to the groom.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Transport by Virginius, at the stables of B. R' Jenkins, in Fayette County, Ky., six miles south-east of Lexington, at $50—$1 to grm.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course Louisville, Ky., under the charge of Lewis Sherley, at $50 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, and $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out [illegible] H Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsvill[illegible] m

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn, at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, four miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at Chester Town and Centreville, Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna, at "The Reeds," Caroline Co., Va., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRAZY BILL, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, at R. B. Harrison's stable, 12 m. from Selma, and at D. Kirkland's, in Autauga Co., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $70, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archy, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J. Particulars hereafter.

ECLIPSE, by Durec, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at Jas. Swanson's stable, at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ENVOY, *Imported*, by Memnon, out of Zarina by Morisco, at Lewis K. Grigsby's stable, near Winchester, Clark County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at the stable of Hector Bell, Esq., Winchester, Va., at $75 and $120, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe County, Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville county, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at the stable of Samuel Davenport & Co., near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford, at the stable of Jilson Yates & Co., Shelbyville, Ky., at $30 and $50.

GASTON, by Imp. Truffle, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, at Dresden, Tenn. Particulars hereafter.

HEDGEFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie by Orville, at Versailles, Ky., at $100 the season. Address Lewis Y. Craig.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, near Lexington, Ky. Terms hereafter.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of the Duchess of York, at the race course near Columbia, S. C., at $50, and $1 to the groom. Address George Fryer.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 the groom.

JORDAN, *Imported*, by Langar, out of Matilda by Comus. at John C. Beasley's stable, Plaquemine, La., at $100 the season.

JOHN DAWSON, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie, at Francis Gordon's stable, 1 mile from Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn. at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the grm.

LONGWAIST, by Sir Archie, dam by Pacolet, one mile east of Natchez, Miss., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MARSHAL NEY, by old Pacolet, out of Virginia by Imp. Daredevil, g. d. Lady Bolingbrook by Imp. Pantaloon, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $20, $25, $30, & $1.

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable, near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition, at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H., N. J., at $50 and $75—$1 to the groom

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Bason Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, own brother to Red Rover, at Edm. Bacon's plantation, Twigg County, Ky., at $60 the season.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Orville, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, $75, and $100. Address L. Sherley.

MONSIEUR TONSON, by Pacolet, out of Madame Tonson by Topgallant, in Bourbon Co., Ky., 5 miles from Paris, & 17 from Lexington, at $60 & $100—$1 to grm. Address C. P. Lee.

MEDOC, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford Co., Ky., limited to 75 mares at $100.

MAZYOUBE, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, at $25 to insure.

OMBARK, a full blood Arabian, at St. Mary's, Mercer County, Ohio, at $15 the season, pasturage gratis.

OTHELLO, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, at Maj. Samuel Ragland's stable, 12 miles N. W. of Huntsville, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Dalby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his second season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150, and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn.—limited to 20 mares at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza, (sister to Gallatin,) by Imp. Bedford, at the stable of B. P. Gray, Woodford County, Ky., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $75, $100, and $125, and $1 to the groom.

RATTLER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Robin Redbreast, at Lagrange, Tenn. Terms hereafter. Address M. E. Boyles.

RICHARD, *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at the stable of John Wimbish, Halifax C. H., Va., at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHAKSPEARE, *Imported*, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens, at Robt. Hurt's stable, near Paris, Western District of Tenn., at $100 the season.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming County, Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy-Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B. Newsam's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala., 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125, and $1.

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, at Geo. R. Robertson's stable, Central Course, Macon, Ga., at $80 if paid within the season, and $100 if paid out of it.

TOM FLETCHER (by Stockholder), the sire of Molly Long, Independence, and other good ones, at Batesville & Dripping Springs, Arks., at $25 & $40. Address T. T. Tunstall & Co.

VOLNEY, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, at the stable of J. W. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Ala., at $40 and $80.

WILD BILL ("of the woods," late Pilot,) by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at the residence of Henry Stokes, one mile north of Huntsville, Ala., at $60.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 4½ miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. Jas. W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

WASHINGTON, by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Citizen, at Daniel Kiser's stable, Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, at $30 the season.

WARRIOR, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Emperor, at Gen. Thos. J. Green's stable, Velasco, Texas, at $100, and $2 to the groom.

ZINGANEE, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $150, and $1 to the groom.

TROTTING, BEACON COURSE.

A TROTTING MEETING will take place over the Beacon Course on Thursday, 25th of April, and continue three days.

First Day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $50, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money. Two mile heats under the saddle.

Same day, 4 o'clock—Purse $200, free for all trotting horses. Two mile heats in harness. Entries for the above purses to be made on Tuesday, April 23d, 4 o'clock, at the Course.

Second day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $50, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $50. Two mile heats in harness.

Same day, 4 o'clock—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100. Two mile heats under the saddle.

Third day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100. Two mile heats in wagons—wagons to weigh as much as 250lbs.

Same day, 4 o'clock—Purse $200, free all trotting horses. Two mile heats under the saddle.

[A6] ALEX. L. BOTTS, Sec'y Beacon.

ANOTHER STAKE ON THE KENDALL COURSE.

A SWEEPSTAKES has been opened for 3 yr. olds, with a subscription of $300 each, $100 forfeit, Mile heats. To name and close on the 20th April. Three or four nominations are already promised from Maryland. To enable those gentlemen that are subscribers to the $1000 stake to "take a second chance," this new stake will be run on Friday, the Two mile day. Nominations to be addressed to

Baltimore, April 3, 1839.—[a6] JAS. B. KENDALL, Prop'r.

COLUMBUS RACES.

THE Jockey Club Spring Races over the Hyde Hark Course, near Columbus, Miss., will come off on the third Tuesday in May, being the 21st of the month.

First day—Post Sweepstakes $200 each, P.P., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; Mile heats. To name and close on the 18th May.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Sixth day—Citizens' Purse $300, Two mile heats.

It is necessary to state, that this Race Course is now entirely under the control and management of the Jockey Club, having been tendered to them by its owners. The Club has, for the accommodation of racers and others who attend this course, selected Mr. P. B. Starke (formerly President of the Club,) to manage and have everything prepared necessary for the comfort and convenience of racers. It will be perceived the purses for this Spring Meeting are small, in consequence of expenditures necessary to make the course equal to any in the Southern country. Our purses for the Fall and all other meetings for the future will be much larger. The above purses will be hung up without discount, free for any horse in the United States, complying with the rules of this course.

Columbus, Miss. March 22, 1839.—[a6]

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street. [A6]

FINE BROOD OR RACE MARE FOR SALE.

BY Andrew, out of Lady Flirt by Hickory, dam by Duroc, (*vide* Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 1067,) 4 yrs. old this Spring. She has fine size and action; a more desirable mare for the turf or breeding stud is rarely to be purchased, except at an enormous price. She will be sold low or exchanged for a good road horse. She can be seen at the Four Mile House, Third Avenue. WM. D. SPARKS.

[Mar30-3t]

MAZYOUBE AND OMBARK.

MAZYOUBE, imported by Capt. James Riley, from the Empire of Morocco, October, 1835, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, 7 yrs. old in May next, 16 hands 1 inch high, dark iron grey, and of lion-like form; stands at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, $25 insurance, pasturage gratis. For sale at $5000.

OMBARK, imported by Capt. Riley, from Mogadore, Sept. 1836; a pure blood Arabian race horse, 15 hands 1½ inches high, jet black, long round body, and finely formed from ear to hoof, 6 yrs. old in June next, stands at St. Mary's, Mercer Co., Ohio, at $15 the season, pasturage gratis; he is for sale at $3000. J. W. RILEY.

March 17, 1839.—[M30]

JOHN DAWSON AND CRAZY BILL.

JOHN DAWSON was got by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie—g. dam by Berry's Medley—g. g. dam by Old Truxton—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Mousetrap. Grey Archie was got by Old Archie, his dam by Pacolet—g. dam by Wonder, and he by Imp. Diomed. John Dawson will stand for mares the present season at the stable of FRANCIS GORDON, one mile from Spring Hill, Maury County, Tenn., at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. John Dawson is a deep bay, full 16 hands high, 9 years old this Spring.

CRAZY BILL was got by Imp. Leviathan, his dam by Clay's Sir William—g. dam by Pacolet—g. g. dam by Imp. Sterling—g. g. g. dam by Medley. Crazy Bill is a chesnut, full fifteen hands high, and 6 years old this Spring. He will stand the present season one half of his time at my stable, in Dallas County, 12 miles above Selma, and the other half at DANIEL KIRKLAND'S, in Autauga County, Alabama, and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. R. B. HARRISON.

Benton, Lowndes Co., Ala. March 9, 1839.—[M30-3m]

FINE IMPORTED MARE FOR SALE.

A THOROUGH BRED BAY MARE, imported into the city of Boston, by Thomas H. Perkins, Esq. in 1833, is offered for sale on reasonable terms. She was got by Toby, out of a Grogg mare—is 15½ hands high, and for symmetry and beauty cannot be surpassed. She has never been broke nor bred from, and is well worthy the attention of breeders of fine stock. She may be seen at the stable of Mr. WILLIAM FORBES, Boston, Mass., to whom letters (post paid) respecting her may be addressed, and will receive prompt attention.

Boston, March 25, 1839.—[M30-3m]

BEACON COURSE RACES.

THE Races over the Beacon Course will commence on the second Tuesday, the 14th of May.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats. To close May 6th. Also, Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, $200 each, $50 ft. Mile heats. To close May 6th.

Second day—Purse $300, Two mile heats, (of this purse, $50 will be given to the second best horse, to be determined first by New Nork, then by Virginia Rules).

Same day—A Post Stake, Mile heats, $50 each, P.P., free only for horses that never won a race. To close May 6th.

Third day—Purse $500, Three mile heats, (of this purse $100 will be given to the second best horse, according to the preamble of the $300 purse).

Same day—Purse $100, Mile heats. ALEX. L. BOTTS, Sec'y.

[March 23.]

FOR SALE.

THE entire stock of scenery and fixtures belonging to the ALBANY THEATRE. To persons intending to erect a similar structure in town or country, the opportunity now offered is one which is worthy of attention. Address W., Albany Daily Advertiser Office.

New York, March 19, 1839.—[Mar23-3t]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE,

BY CATTON, out of Emma by Whisker. Catton has always been considered one of the best, if not the best four mile horse ever bred in England. In speaking of him he is called "the celebrated Catton." Trustee was likewise a first rate horse, and was sold when a 3 yr. old, for 2,000 guineas.

Trustee will stand at my stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, the ensuing season, at the low price of $30 cash, and $1 to the groom. This rule will be strictly adhered to, and no mare need be sent to him without the money, it being better both for the breeder and owner of the horse. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner. Season to commence 1st Feb., and close 1st July.

Union Hotel, near the Race Course, Dec. 1,21838.—[d22] JOHN R. SNEDEKER

FOUR MILE STAKE, BEACON COURSE.

IN answer to correspondents expressing a desire to become subscribers to the stake of $2000, play or pay, Four mile heats, to be run at the Second Meeting over the Union Course, they are notified the stake is closed.

They are respectfully informed that a stake of a somewhat similar character is now open to be run on the Beacon Course, N.J., the week succeeding the Second Meeting on Long Island. It is as follows:—

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Four mile heats, with 4 yr. olds, over the Beacon Course, Second Spring Meeting 1839; entrance $2000, forfeit $500. To name and close 24th of May, 1839. Three or more to make a race.

[Mar30] ALEX. L. BOTTS, Secretary.

TROTTING, KENDALL COURSE.

A SWEEPSTAKE is now open, to come off over the Kendall Course, Md., on Monday, May 13th, (it being the day previous to the Spring Races.) Two mile heats in harness, sub. $500 each, ft. $200, to which the Proprietor adds $500 if three or more start. Three or more nominations to make a field. To close at J. B. Kendall's Hotel, Baltimore, and also at the Office of the Spirit of the Times, corner of Broadway and Barclay st., New York, Wednesday, April 10th. JAS. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

[Mar30]

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats.) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15½ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury in one of his fore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf, there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—[J5-tf.] HENRY DALBY.

TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AND FARM FOR SALE.

A FARM on Jamaica Bay, Long Island, 2½ miles south of the town of Jamaica, and 10½ miles distant from the City of New York, containing 170 acres, of which 100 acres are in the very highest state of cultivation, 50 or 60 acres of fresh and salt meadow, and 20 acres of wood, principally hickory.

There are on the premises a Mansion House, with a Green-house and two Kitchens attached; together with hovels, hay house, barn, and cattle sheds; wood house, ice house, and root house; a corn crib, set on pillars, with extensive granaries ; a large stone milk cellar, pig styes, iron and copper boilers, &c. &c. &c. There is 220 feet of stabling, containing 20 loose boxes for race horses, with extensive mows for hay and straw. There is a smith's shop, and a house adjoining the stables for the boys, a saddle room, and a feed room fitted with bians capable of containing 300 bushels; 12 of the boxes (15 feet by 10) are paved, with a portico in front, to protect the horses while washing legs, &c., with wire doors for the summer. The racks are of iron, and the feed boxes and sides of stalls, within reach of the horses, lined with tin.

The Training Track is in the immediate vicinity of the stables, a mile, or very nearly so, in circumference, completely fenced, and so protected as not to interfere or be interfered with, by the farmer.

There are paddocks for horses out of training, our of which are enclosed with close board fences, with circular ends and a stable in each; making in all 28 separate boxes and stables, for racing stock.

There is a house for the trainer and another for the overseer a four horse power, with threshing and grinding mills, cutting box, &c. &c. &c.

In short, there is nothing wanting, that I am aware of, to render it complete, for either a farming, training, or breeding establishment.

The farm is so situated that it may be advantageously divided, and sold in two or three parcels: 30 or 40 acres with the trainer's house 25 or 30 with the mansion house and stables, with the privilege of using the training track, and 60 or 80 acres with the farm and farm house.

The horses remaining on the farm, consisting of *Fordham* and three or four young things, are also for sale. Fordham is 4 yrs. old, and is engaged in a sweepstakes of four subs. at $2000 each, P.P Four mile heats, to come off the second Spring meeting of 1839. He will be sold with or without his engagement.

Janette, *Fanti*, *Dosoris*, *Zela*, *Terrific*, and *Equinox*, are on their way to New Orleans to be sold, or trained for the large purses offered in the South and West. The following are their pedigrees:—

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Janette, ch. m., 16 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam); stinted to Imp. Trustee.

This lot will be accompanied by a draft from the stud of Mr. Robt. L. Stevens, consisting of the following:—

Tom Moore, ch. h., 7 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar.
Henry Moore, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Tom Moore's dam.
Chesnut colt, 4 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Antoinette, b. f., 3 yrs., by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian.
Seminole, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Celeste by Henry.

They will leave this city on Monday next, under the charge of Mr. Isaac Van Leer, who is authorised to train and run, or to dispose of them. In their route to New Orleans they will pass through Baltimore, Norfolk, Va., Tarboro', and Fayetteville, N. C., Camden and Columbia, S. C., Augusta, Macon, Milledgeville, and Columbus, Ga., Montgomery and Mobile, Ala.

New York, Jan. 12, 1839.—[J12-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

THE Subscriber has put in charge of Van Leer, to be run and sold, his b. f. *Betsey Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of the fine old mare of that name. A mulatto boy, 15 years old, a good rider, accompanies the filly. Mr. Van Leer is authorized to dispose of either. THOMAS E. GITTINGS.

Bella Vista, Md., Jan. 24, 1839.—[F2]

GRASSHOPPER FOR SALE.

THE highly bred mare "Grasshopper," well known as an approved brood mare of blood-like appearance, fine size, and connected with the best racing families on the side of both sire and dam, will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately. She will be 13 years old in May next; she is a rich blood bay, measuring about 15 hands 3 inches—is perfectly sound and a sure breeder. Her three colts that have been trained, have proved uncommonly speedy and stout runners; she is the dam of *Sir Harry*, a popular stallion, *Nelson*, a winner on Long Island, and purchased by Col. Johnson, of Virginia, and *John R*, one of the speediest 4 yr. olds at the North; with 104lbs. on his back he won a heat of two miles last Spring in 3:45, and ran 2d for the next in 3:47, notwithstanding a bad start, and the 3d in 3:51, beating Tom Moore, Bergen, Ajax, Young Lady Lightfoot, and Shadow; the 2d and 3d heats were won, after a desperate struggle, by Suffolk, by a few feet only, after a remarkably fast and game race. [See Spirit of the Times of June 2, page 124.] In the Fall he won the 1st heat for the Three mile purse on the Union Course, in 5:50, and lost the 2d heat to Henry Moore, by a scant length, in 5:57½, having split his hoof on the last quarter; he of course was then drawn. The first two miles of the 1st heat he ran in 3:47, and in both heats he beat Betsey Andrey, Jane Rowlett, and The Colonel. Grasshopper's only other produce is a colt by Henry, and a very promising one by Imp. Trustee: she will, if not sold, be stinted this season to Imp. Trustee.

Grasshopper was bred by Nelson Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, Long Island, the breeder of Post Boy, Robin Hood, Tarquin, Suffolk, and a host of winners, and it is believed that she combines as many capital strains of blood, as any brood mare of the present day. Her pedigree on her dam's side may be found in full in the Turf Register and Spirit of the Times, and on the side of her sire in the English Stud Book. It is as follows:—

Grasshopper was got by Imp Roman, out of Garland (the dam of *Post Boy*) by Duroc—grandam Young Damsel by Hamiltonian—g. g. dam Miller's Damsel (the dam of *Eclipse*) by Imp. Messenger—g. g. g. dam the celebrated imported Pot-8-o's mare—g. g. g. g. dam by Gimcrack, etc.

Roman, the sire of Grasshopper, was imported into New York in 1823. He was bred by Mr. Liddell and foaled in 1815. [See English and Am. Stud Book, page 1045.] Roman was got by Camillus, out of Leon Forte, (bred by Mr. Watt in 1808,) who was got by Eagle, her dam Tamborine by Trumpator—Crone by Highflyer—Middlesex by Snap. [See Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 674.] Camillus, the sire of Roman, was got by Cannon-ball, his dam by Camillus, out of Hampden's dam by Hyacinthus—Zara by Delpini. [See Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 894.]

A better bred mare, or one more unexceptionable for size, form, color, and soundness, can hardly be found anywhere, and it must be added that she is a sure breeder, and that all her stock have run with credit. If applied for immediately she will be sold at a bargain. She may be seen at Trustee's stand, near the Union Course, L. I. Application may be made (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, who is authorized to dispose of her.

Long Island, Feb. 12, 1839. [F16-lptf.]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only prepared to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and botts, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Gravieurand & Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall-Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 26*l*., to 1000*l*. (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

SHARK

THIS beautiful thorough-bred Race-Horse will stand the present season of 1839, at the stable of John Drew, near the Union Race Course, upon Long Island, New York, at $60 the season, $100 to insure a mare with foal, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence on the 20th Feb and end the 1st July.

Shark is a beautiful black, about 15½ hands high, of good bone and substance, in high racing form, and nine years old this grass.

PEDIGREE.—*Shark* was bred by Charles Henry Hall, Esq., at Harlaem, New York, and foaled in April 1830. He was got by the celebrated American Eclipse. His dam the noted running mare known at first as Col. Tayloe's Maria, and afterwards named Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy; grandam, Black Maria by Imp. Shark; g. g. dam by Imp. Clock fast, (she was the dam of the celebrated horse Vingtun, by Imp. Diomed); g. g. g. dam Fitzhugh's famous running mare Maria, by Regulus, &c. &c.

His sire, American Eclipse, was got by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger; her dam the imported mare by Pot-oooooooo's, &c.

[For Shark's Performances in full, see "Spirit of the Times," from Jan. 5, to Feb. 23, 2839.]

Shark was withdrawn from the Course, and let to mares the season of 1836. His get are very promising, valued highly, and those 3 yrs. old in 1839 will probably make their appearance on the Course.

He is own brother to Eclipse Lightfoot, to Black Maria, who won the 20 mile race (that is, 5 heats, including a dead heat,) over the Union Course, beating Trifle and three others—also to Terror, and to Bay Maria, who has won all her races in South Carolina and Georgia, four mile heats. His dam, Lady Lightfoot, trained and ran until eleven years old, and was pronounced by the late Gen. Wm. Wynn, of Virginia, the best race mare, and the safest to bet upon, that he ever knew—her performances are unrivalled. His whole *family*, paternal and maternal, have not even a remote cross of inferior blood; they have throughout been renowned for game and stoutness, their best play being the course of four miles. Those who retain a partiality to the blood of Eclipse have now an opportunity of acquiring the same by breeding from Shark, who, if not the most renowned of his get, by exploits on the turf, in point of pure and high blood stands first.

January, 1839.—[J5-tf.] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press with the utmost possible regularity and despatch; and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

NORFOLK AND PORTSMOUTH JOCKEY CLUB.

THE Second Meeting of the New Club, Spring 1839, will take place over the Norfolk Course on Monday, 1st day of April next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Second day—Ladies' Purse $500, with an inside stake of $300 each, $100 ft., for 4 yr. olds, Three mile heats; 4 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, Four mile heats.

Fourth day—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $15, Two mile heats.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

[d22-tla] EDWARD J. WILSON, Proprietor.

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race-Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due on 1st Jan., 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end on the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockholder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tennessee.

From the untarnished character of Old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29-tf.] A. B. NEWSOM.

BERNERS' COMUS AND CONSOL.

THE *Imported Stallions*, BERNERS' COMUS and CONSOL, will stand in 1839 at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., the former at $80, the latter at $70; insurance by either, $100; $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation of blood stock, being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient shelters and stables; and abounds with pasturage, shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner, aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price.

Berners' Comus is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 18 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

Consol is a dark bay or brown, 16 hands, of high form, great substance, and all sound; he was both a speedy and lasting racer, having continued in work until 7 yrs. old without a blemish. Out of 21 engagements, he won and received forfeit 11 times, ran 2d four times, and 3d four times. The last year he was on the turf, then 7 yrs. old, he was the trial horse of the largest and most successful stable in England (Scott's), which that year won the Derby with Mundig.

His colts, the oldest of which were foaled in 1837, are uncommonly promising in appearance, of good bone and high finish. One of them was sold at auction, when a yearling, for $1500, and many others would bring still higher prices—higher, it is believed, than those of nay other *untried* horse in the country.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29-tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN

RICHARD.

THIS celebrated Imported Horse, the only son in America of that renowned horse *Orville*, and own brother to those celebrated race horses, *Master Henry* and *Sporus*, will stand for mares the present season at the stable of Maj. B. Luckett, Franklin County, Kentucky.

He is a dark mahogany bay, about 16 hands high, of good bone, great muscular power, and ability to carry weight, as the high weights which a perusal of his performances will show, he has successfully carried, especially in his races for King's Plates, repeatedly, over the course of four miles. In point of blood, and what in England is termed family stoutness, he is hardly equalled, certainly not excelled, by any horse in England, or at this time imported. He was sent to America by F. B. Ogden, Esq., American Consul resident at Liverpool, and landed at New York in 1836.

PEDIGREE.—*Richard* was bred, or first brought forward on the turf, by Lord Jersey. He was foaled in 1818; got by Orville, out of Miss Sophia (bred by Mr. Wilson in 1805) by Stamford; her dam, Sophia by Buzzard, out of Huncamunca by Highflyer—Cypher by Squirrel—Regulus, &c. &c. *Orville* was bred by Earl Fitzwilliam in 1799; got by Benningbrough (who was the best son of King Fergus, the best son of Eclipse,) out of Evelina by Highflyer—Termagant by Tantram—Regulus—Marske's dam by Blacklegs, &c. &c. *Stamford* (sire of Miss Sophia, Richard's dam,) was bred by Sir F Standish in 1794; got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam Horatia (Sister to Achilles, bred by the Duke of Bolton in 1778,) by Eclipse; her dam Countess (Delpini's dam) by Blank—Rib—Wynn Arabian, &c.

[For Richard's Performances in full, see "Spirit of the Times" from Jan. 19, to Feb. 23, 1839.]

It will be seen by the above performances, that Richard ran three times in 1821, when 3 yrs. old, and paid one forfeit. That in 1822, prior to being rated 4 yrs. old, and when 4 yrs. old, he started nine times, six of which races were *four miles*, and one *three mile heats*; that he won five out of these nine races, four of those which he won being *four miles*, and three of these of four miles being for *King's Plates*, carrying the high weight of 10st. 4lb. (144lbs.) That in both the four mile races in which he was beat, viz: by Incantator over the Beacon Course at Newmarket, and by Waverley at Newcastle, he ran second. That Waverley belonged to the same owner, who thought proper to win with him, and that Richard had previously ran for, and won that same week, at the same place, the King's Plate. That two others of his four mile races in which he was successful, he performed at York in the same week also. All of which goes to show, that his *best play* was *game and stoutness* and the course of *four miles*. That the race which he lost at Pontefract (two miles and seven furlongs) was like that at Newcastle, won by Waverley, belonging to the same owner, who, it is reasonable to suppose, saved Richard as much as possible in this race, as he, the very next day, started him for the Borough Members' Plate, *three mile heats*, which he won.

His last race, for the King's Plate at Doncaster, *four miles*, carrying for 4 yrs. old 144lbs, was won in 7 minutes 58 seconds.

His own brother, *Master Henry*, foaled in 1815, might with truth be styled the best horse of his time. His performances were brilliant in the extreme. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, April 1819, carrying 6st. 7lb. as 3 yrs. old, he won the First Class of the Oatland Stakes, D.I., beating Lebus, The Student, Finesse, and Sir Thomas; and the same year, at the First Newmarket Spring Meeting, carrying for 4 yrs. old 8st. 11lb. (123lbs.) he beat Zenith, Beppo, and Rob Roy over the Beacon Course (upwards of four miles); at the Second Spring Meeting, 1820, he beat Financier, the Abington mile, for 200 gs, and at the same meeting he beat Pacha the two middle miles of the Beacon Course, for 200 gs.; and at the First Spring Meeting, 1821, he beat Little John, 4 yrs. old, and Allegro, 5 yrs., the last three miles of the Beacon Course. At the same meeting, carrying as for 5 yrs. old, 11st. 9lb. (163lbs.), he won the King's Plate over the Beacon Course, beating Little John and Autar, 4 yr. olds, 11st. each (154lbs.); Little John and Henry ran a dead heat, which being run over, Henry won. He ran on with great eclat until 1821, beating the best horses in England. When aged, his then owner, Mr. L. Charlton, challenged for the Whip at Newmarket, and named Master Henry, which challenge not being accepted, he carried it off. Here there is a striking example of the family union of speed with stoutness, all lengths and at high weights. After this he was withdrawn from the turf and became a public stallion, was purchased four or five years ago by Messrs. Merritt & Co. of Virginia, shipped for America, and lost on the passage.

Sporus, the other own brother of Richard, was also an excellent performer. We have not space to set forth all his exploits. He came out in 1821 at 4 yrs. old, winner of a class of the Oatland Stakes of 400 gs., at Newmarket; the Garden Stakes, and of 100 gs. at the same place; the King's Plate at Ipswich. In 1822 he won the Gold Cup at the Hoo, 100 gs. at Newmarket, and the Gold Cup at Oxford.

Emilius, also got by Orville, out of a Stamford mare, won all the great stakes he started for in 1823, then 3 yrs. old, viz: a Class of the Riddlesworth Stakes, the Dinner Stakes of 100 gs. each, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, and 100 gs. at Newmarket, the great Derby Stakes at Epsom, and 500 gs. at Ascot. After 4 yrs. old, he was withdrawn from the turf, became a public stallion, and is the sire of the celebrated *Priam*, of *Plenipotentiary*, and many other good ones.

Orville we cannot pass, without noting in him this extraordinary combination of speed and endurance. It will be recollected that he commenced running in 1801, when only two years old, and that at 3 yrs. old, Sept. 28, 1802, he won the Great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, and the next day ran second to Alonzo for the Gold Cup, *four miles*. The next year, 1803, Aug. 22d, at York, he ran next to Duxbury in a Produce Sweepstakes of 100 gs. each, for 4 yr. olds, *four miles*. And four days afterwards, the 26th, he ran 2d to Mr. Mellish's Streckton, *four miles*, beating Duxbury, (who had four days previously beat him,) and a large field of good ones. At Doncaster, on the 28th Sept. following, he ran second to Marcia, by Coriander, *four miles*, beating Alonzo, who had before beat him. The next day, Sept. 29, he beat Streckton, who had before beat him, two miles. The next year, 1804, at York, Aug. 22, he ran next to Traveller, again beating Streckton, *four miles*, who had beat him the same distance. At Doncaster, Sept. 24, he beat Pepylin and Doncaster, two miles, and a third time beat Streckton in a match for 200 gs. each, *four miles*. At Newmarket, Oct. 15, he ran next to Sir Charles Bunbury's famous mare Eleanor, by Whiskey, over the Beacon Course, upwards of *four miles*. In 1805, he beat Houghton Lass, Harefoot, and Lady Brough, *four miles*. He beat the Duke of Richmond's Rolla, for the King's Plate, carrying as 6 yrs. old, 168lbs., Rolla, aged 170lbs., *four miles*. He beat the famous Walton, of the same age, 124lbs. each, *four miles*. 1806—At Newmarket he beat Quiz, Norval, and Sir Harvy Dimsdale, over the Beacon Course. He received forfeit from Houghton Lass, *four miles*. At Lewes, he walked over *four miles*. At Newmarket he beat Parasol, Stanley, Houghton Lass, and Henry, over the Beacon Course. He ran second to Bustard, beating Sancho, over the Beacon Course. He beat Pelisse and Enchanter over the Beacon Course. At Brighton he walked over for the Somerset Stakes of 50 gs. each, *four miles*. He again beat Pelisse at even weights, in a match for 200 gs. each, *four miles*. He beat Cerberus *four miles*, and Brighton *four miles*. He beat Canopus at Newmarket, over the Beacon Course, and again beat Parasol over the Beacon Course. We have not here given all his races, particularly the short ones, but trust we have set forth sufficient to show the union of stoutness with the speed of a winner of the Doncaster St. Leger, his training and running on successfully to Oct. 1807, when 8 yrs. old, winning eight times in his last year, and all his races of *four miles* that year, and indeed *all*, except one D.I., about two miles. He ran and walked over 35 times.

Orville is also the sire of Muley, who got Leviathan, and Margrave, (both now in this country), of Muley Moloch, and many others of the first class.

Orville's sire, *Beningbrough*, is another sample of the union of speed with continuance, he won the Great St. Leger in 1794, and distinguished himself at all distances. In his sire, King Fergus, O'Kelly's great favorite, supposed the fleetest son of Eclipse, we have the same qualifications, and next in the paternal line, we trace to the fleetest of the fleet, and the stoutest of the stout, the ever memorable Eclipse himself. On the side of his dam we go at once to Highflyer, who never was beat, and who never paid forfeit.

Besides Richard, Master Henry, and Sporus, Miss Sophia is also the dam of Master George, Lady Henry, and Emma by Orville; of Leipsic by Sorcerer, Custard by Soothsayer, Henrica by Woful, Mameluke by Partisan, and others, showing every requisite as a breeder. What, then, can exceed the produce of such a mare, by such a horse as Orville? From what other can the most sanguine expectations of breeders be more likely to be realized?

If in addition to Richard's own performances over the course of four miles, that of his brothers, his sire, and family through, can recommend him to the notice of the public, he is certainly entitled to the same. In this belief the subscriber is induced to offer him as a Stallion to the breeders of Blood Stock, in the hope that he will meet with their patronage. [J19] MUNSON BEACH.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

[d1-tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

EAGLE COURSE RACES, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Spring Meeting will commence on Tuesday, May 28th, (it being the week following the Philadelphia and Camden Races,) and continue four days.

First day (Tuesday)—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $300, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. W. B. Stockton names imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
2. Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
3. Jas. H. Hellings names ch. c. by Star out of Melinda.
4. Jas. B. Kendall names gr. f. by Imp. Tranby out of Mary Randolph.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. W. B. Stockton names imp. b. c. *Atlantic*, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
2. Also, " imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
3. Also, " imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
4. Jas. H. Hellings names ch. f. *Stephan*, by Shark, out of Fairy by Herod.
5. Jas. B. Kendall (J. Campbell's) names b. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by ——.
6. J. H. Vanmater names ch. c. by Tormentor, dam by Tuckahoe.

Second day (Wednesday)—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. Messrs. Combs & Ellis name ch. c. *Eliptic*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Revenge.
2. Jas. B. Kendall (J. Campbell's) names b. c. *Buckeye*, by Critic, out of Ann Page's dam.
3. Edward J. Wilson names b. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham.

Same day—Sweepstakes for all ages that shall not have won a race previous to the time that this stake closes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. Jas. B. Kendall names ch. c. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancy, 4 yrs.
2. Jas. H. Hellings names ch. c. *Borax*, by Andrew, out of Trifle's dam, 4 yrs.
3. Jas. H. Vanmater names ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar, Bonny Black's dam, 4 y.
4. Also, " ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs.

Same day—A purse of $400, $100 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $300; Two mile heats.

Third day (Thursday)—A purse of $700, $200 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $500; Three mile heats.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

Fourth day (Friday)—A purse of $1500, $500 of which goes to the 2d best if more than two start—if but one or two, the winner to receive $1000; Four mile heats.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course; when these rules determine that neither are second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be second best. Entrance 5 per cent.

Gentlemen from the Northern and Southern States can rely on securing good stables for race horses by making application, or addressing a letter to the subscriber.

A handsome DINNER will be prepared at the Pavilion, immediately after the main race, each day.

The New Jersey Rail Road is now completed, and will hereafter convey passengers from New York to the Eagle Course in three hours, passing through Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, and the principal villages of New Jersey.

As the Eagle Course has now every advantage that can be wished, far greater inducements to Breeders and Turfmen will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than has heretofore been on any Course North of Louisiana.

Trenton, N. J., March 28, 1839.—[m30] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

P.S. The time of the Philadelphia and Camden Races has not yet been announced, but they will unquestionably take place on the week following Baltimore Races as usual. In case they should not take place at that time, but at a later date, the meeting at the Eagle Course will commence on Tuesday, May 21st, instead of the 28th.

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse, and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brothers of Va. name the produce of Imp. Peri by Wanderer, and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times.

[F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville Jockey Club.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country; unlimited business was guaranteed; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw aside all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact, Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little petty slanders relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season? each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, they are *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb., to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms—$100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe*. [n10] F. W. LACY.

VOLNEY.

THIS highly bred and beautiful young race horse, acknowledged to be one of the speediest horses of his day, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of J. W. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at Forty dollars the season, and Eighty dollars to insure a foal.

The following letters and certificates from the most distinguished Turfmen of Virginia, relative to the pedigree and performances of Volney, are respectfully presented for the perusal of the Turfmen and Breeders of Alabama.

The Pedigree of Volney.—Volney was got by Col. Wm. R. Johnson's horse *Monsieur Tonson*, out of Mr. Williams' brood mare by *Sir Archie*, and was four years old last Spring. A copy of the certificate of the pedigree of his dam, furnished by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., is given below, the original of which was found among the papers of Mr. Williams, deceased. Richard Logan, Executor of Samuel Williams, dec'd.

The sorrel mare, purchased by Samuel Williams, Esq., of the estate of Edmund Irby, deceased, was got by Sir Archie, her dam Weazle by Shylock, out of Captain Sallard's celebrated old mare by the imported horse Dare Devil, dam by old Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's imported horse Fearnaught—her grandam, a chesnut mare called Picudella, was got by Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught, who was foaled in 1777, and bred by Mr. Edwards, of Hicksford, Va. Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught was got by the old imported Fearnaught, out of an imported mare, who, in the Spring of 1776, was purchased by Mr. Edwards of the widow of Col. Maclin, on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.—her g. g. dam was got by Col. Baylor's horse Godolphin, who was got by the Imp. Fearnaught out of Col. Baylor's imp. mare Jenny Dismal—her g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Hob-Nob, (this fine Hob-Nob mare was the property of Col. Archie Cary, of Chesterfield County, Va.)—her g. g. g. g. dam was by the imported horse Jolly Roger, known in England as Roger of the Vale—her g. g. g. g. g. dam was got by the imp. horse Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was by Tryall, why was by the Imp. Morton's Traveller.

The said sorrel filly, purchased by Mr. Williams, was a great favorite of Mr. Irby—so much so, that he entered her in a sweepstake, for which race she would have been trained, but his death made the entry void.

W. R. Johnson.
Richard Logan.

Chesterfield, June 1, 1831.

The above is a true copy of the original of Mr. Johnson.

Charlotte County, Va., Dec. 1, 1838.

Mr. P. A. Prindle,—*Dear Sir*—In relation to your enquiry respecting the running qualities of your fine horse Volney, I can inform you that I trained him the Fall after he was three years old, and run him in one sweepstakes colt race, Mile heats, which he won with great ease at two heats, in 1:51 each heat. I then sent him home to his owner, who died in a short time after. Volney was then sold. Mr. Phillips was the purchaser at $2500. In the Spring of 1837 he won the Proprietor's Purse at Lynchburg, Two mile heats, with great ease. The following Fall I met him at the same course. I started a fine filly against him, Two mile heats—he beat her in fine style in 3:47; no contest for the 2d heat. I then offered his owner $4000 for him, but he seemed at that time not willing to sell him. I believe he was a race horse of the first order, at any distance, and am truly sorry that his lameness has prevented him from showing his powers to the world.

In haste, yours respectfully, Wm. McCargo.

In the Fall of 1837, at Oxford, N. C., Mr. Phillips sold Volney to Mr. P. A. Prindle, of Richmond, Va., his present owner, for $5000 cash. He is the horse on whom the match against *Target* was made, for $10,000, single dash of Two miles. [F9]

TROTTING HORSES FOR SALE.

THE celebrated Trotting Horses NORMAN LESLIE and JOHN CALDWELL. If not disposed of by the 22d of April, they will on that day be sold at Tattersall's. Apply to the subscriber, at Lafayette Hall, Nos. 595 and 597 Broadway, or at 291 Bowery.

[Mar30] PHILIP McGUIRE.

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, April 6.—Eighth night of the re-engagement of Mr. HAMBLIN, and second night of the engagement of Mrs. SHAW. BERTRAM; Bertram, Mr. Hamblin; Imogene, Mrs. Shaw—and LA FITTE.

MONDAY, April 8.—First night at this Theatre of the Drama of ERNEST MALTRAVERS; Alice Darvil, Mrs. Shaw; Richard Darvil, Mr. Hamblin—and ROBIN HOOD.

Mr. Hamblin and Mrs. Shaw will appear every night the ensuing week.

Mr. and Mrs. SLOMAN are also engaged, and will appear in a few nights.

Mr. SINCLAIR, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, is engaged, and will soon appear.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, April 6.—Will be acted LOVE'S FRAILTIES—to be followed by SHOCKING EVENTS—the whole to conclude with NICK OF THE WOODS.

MONDAY, April 8.—The public is respectfully informed that Mr. WALLACK will have the honor of acting for a limited number of nights, and will make his 1st appearance in an entire new play, in five acts, written for this Theatre by N. P. WILLIS, Esq. to be called TORTESA THE USURER, produced with new and splendid scenery, with a strict attention to costume; Tortesa (the Usurer), Mr. Wallack; Duke of Florence, Mr. Rogers; Count Falcone, Mr. Mathews; Angelo (a young painter), Mr. Conner; Tomaso (his servant), Mr. Lambert; 1st Lord, Mr. Bunner; 2d Lord, Mr. Andrews; Counsellor, J. Wallack; Secretary, Mr. Walton; Tradesman, Everard; Monk, Ames; Pedro (servant to Tortesa), Baldock; Juan (servant to Falcone), Clarke; Officer, Barnett; Isabella, Miss Monier; Zeppa, Mrs. Sefton—To conclude with the farce of MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, a celebrated play, in which Mr. Wallack will appear.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, April 6.—Will be produced the play of TOM AND JERRY and THE WATERMAN.

MONDAY, April 8.—TIMON OF ATHENS—and WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS.

TUESDAY, April 9.—OTHELLO—and WHITE HORSE.

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The spice of novelty which we can name as having been brought forward to redeem the recent dull routine of poor houses, and poor plays, at the Park, is to be found in the farce of "Mr. Greenfinch," in two acts, produced on Tuesday evening, and the drama of "Robin Hood." The former strikes us as a promising affair in the way of fun, although the company did it the most meagre justice on the first night. The want of familiarity with their parts was so palpable as to surprise every one; but so well is the play cast, that on another occasion we doubt not to be exceedingly entertained by the artifices which would conceal the *disagremens* of married life, and the simplicity of the poor bachelor, who libels so cleverly, even while he typifies to the life, the susceptibility and weakness of our sex. Truly "Mr. Greenfinch" is rich in its humor, in its lessons of practical wisdom to us elderly gentlemen in black. No housekeeper could be more adroit in confirming habits of reliance and of constant dependence upon herself in her master, than was Miss CUSHMAN as Mrs. *Wizzlemin* on Tuesday last; and no old bachelor ever fell into the toils of matrimony more naturally and pitiably than did CHIPPENDALE as *Greenfinch.* The entertainments on that evening were for the benefit of Mr. Chippendale, and although the change in the *character* of his audience, compared with that of the preceding night, was manifest and flattering to him, yet the number in attendance was by no means so great as was deserved by an actor who plays so often, and all so well. He is one of the great people in the Park company, a very industrious and excellent actor.

"Robin Hood" is a musical affair, played for the first time these twenty years, on Wednesday last. It is very light, and many of the songs introduced are altogether so-so-ish. The idea of the author in bringing upon the stage the bold outlaw of Sherwood Forest, with his attendant archers, all clad in Kendall green, is pleasing, because that theme is ever interesting, associated as it is, not alone with the tales of our childhood, but with a very noble work of Scott. But it is impossible that any stage representation should satisfy any man's conception of Friar Tuck, or Robin Hood. It was probably as well done at the Park as is usual in such plays, save alone that the company were not sufficiently familiar with their parts. It is rare that Mr. PLACIDE betrays signs of hasty study, yet, if we mistake not, both in "Mr. Greenfinch" and "Robin Hood," he required some further work. Miss Cushman looked better on Wednesday than we ever saw her, but she found no scope for acting in the play. Mrs. PRITCHARD, who, too, was prettier than usual, in her sylvan costume, played her simple part with the proper spirit of rustic coquetry. On the whole, "Robin Hood" will do well to hear and see, after your attention has been engrossed for three hours by the prior performance of a five-act tragedy. It would be hardly worth naming among new plays, in the palmy days of the Park management, but in these latter degenerate times, when stilted melo-drama is alternating nightly with the rant of tragedy, it is pleasant to catch a glimpse of a drama, which in imagination brings before you the green glades of merry England, and re-peoples her venerable and pleasant forests with their picturesque tenants of bye-gone centuries.

The "entire change of performance" announced last week for Friday and Saturday of the present week, consists in the engagement of Mrs. SHAW, a very beautiful woman, and a clever actress. She has never been very successful in filling the house at the Park, which we have always regretted, as her personations have ever been spirited, and often of a very high character. But she was gaining upon the favor of the town, and we shall be well satisfied if the engagement she now commences does not throw her back in the estimation of play-goers, as she will appear in a connection hitherto esteemed fatal to the fairest names. Her house last evening partially justifies our foreboding.

Mr. SINCLAIR has arrived from London, and we hope soon to hear his charming voice. It will hardly suffice to cram the house, we fear, to announce him alone, and we therefore wait with anxiety till the name of the lady who shall sing with him may transpire. How welcome would CARADORI be to all again.

There are rumors that the "Daughter of the Danube" is now in preparation for Madame LECOMTE, upon her return from the South. It is a ballet of TAGLIONI's, but in which Fanny Elsler has likewise distinguished herself. Our readers may recollect some weeks since reading a notice of a row got up in Paris between the friends of Taglioni and Fanny Elsler, when the latter first attempted the character, which the friends of the former esteemed exclusively her own. The Elslerites had the better in the controversy, and with a little aid from the police, drove the other party out of the house.

The National.—Business has been excruciatingly dull here since the vocalists left; the frequenters of the house need time to breathe a moment, after a constant attendance upon the opera for several weeks. After this little recess, affairs will get on better again, especially as the manager himself vouchsafes next week to appear on his own boards. He will appear, too, in the new play of Mr. WILLIS, in which he has found a leading character suited to his powers. Miss MONIER, a beautiful and a clever lady, enacts another important part in the "Usurer Matched," and Mrs. SEFTON, one of the best, if not the best actress in town, sustains a third. The courtesy of the public usually insures a full and fashionable auditory upon the first night of a new play; our only hope is, therefore, that the stock company will do such justice to their parts, as to insure like houses during the remainder of the week. The play abounds in beautiful poetry, as all have seen from extracts in the "Mirror" and "Corsair." From the author's experience, we trust, too, that it is well adapted to the stage, but of this it is impossible to judge till it is brought before the lamps.

The trio of vocalists recently singing here, SHIRREFF, WILSON, and SEGUIN, are now in Philadelphia, and winning greater applause than formerly. Two of that company, Mrs. SEGUIN and Mrs. BAILEY, are here, and sang last night for the benefit of Mr. LATHAM, in the "Marriage of Figaro." We never knew a man so lost as has been Latham during his late engagements at the National. At the old house he filled certain lines of characters, such as the *Unfinished Gentleman* and *Adam Brock*, in a manner quite unequalled. Out of those peculiar lines, his excellence was not distinguished, and yet he was useful in the company. At the National he has been thrust into a new line of characters, principally musical, and of course little is to be said for poor Latham. His *Baron Pompolino* and *Lord Allcash*, after seeing Placide in them, are dull enough, we reckon. We well recollect how amused we were at the story at one time circulated of the cause of Latham's departure from the Park. He came here unheralded, and worked himself into a general popularity; at the end of the season, finding himself a great favorite, he determined upon rising a peg higher, and insisted that his name should go into the bills in *big letters!* To this Mr. Simpson demurred, and off went Latham in a huff, and a bad move did he make of it. Of course we never believed the story, but have had suspicions that there might be some shadow of a foundation. But in large or small letters, may success ever attend *Bill Downey* in his passage through life.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

Americans who have not been abroad, can have no adequate idea of the musical luxuries which the Londoners enjoy. At all the English theatres of character, opera forms, to a greater or less degree, a feature in theatrical management. But at "Her Majesty's Theatre" (*par eminence*) music and the ballet compose the whole of the attraction. LAPORTE has for several years been the manager of the establishment, and he presides again during the current season. It is worth while to read the card in which he announces the commencement of the season, and details the engagements he has, for several months, been busy in making.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

M. Laporte most respectfully begs leave to acquaint the Nobility and Subscribers to the Opera with the following Arrangements for the Season 1839:—

FOR THE OPERA.

Madame Persiani, Signora Ernesta Grisi (from the Theatres Royal, Milan and Paris, her first appearance in this country), Madame Croft (her first appearance on the stage), Mademoiselle Monani (from the Theatre Royal, Naples, her first appearance in this country), Mademoiselle Detma, Signora Bellini, and Madame Grisi; Signor Rubini, (who has been prevailed upon to afford, for one season longer, the powerful assistance of his talant), Signor F. Lablache, Signor Tati, Signor Borrani, Signor Morelli, and Signor Lablache.

M. Laporte regrets that an unexpected difficulty on the part of Signor Tamburini has, till now, prevented his engagement being concluded; but he entertains a confident hope that the services of that eminent Performer will be eventually secured to the establishment.

Director of the Music, Composer, and Conductor—Signor Costa.

FOR THE BALLET.

Mademoiselle Taglioni, Mademoiselle Herminie Elssler, Mademoiselle Bellon, Mademoiselle Caré, Madame Copere, Mademoiselle Briestroff, Mademoiselle Pierson, Mademoiselle Petit, and Mesdemoiselles Fanny and Theresa Elssler, Signor Guerra, Monsieur Gosselin, Monsieur Coulon, and Monsieur Mathieu (from the Theatres Imperial, Milan and Venice).

Leader of the Ballet—M. Nadaud.

THE ORCHESTRA

will consist of the same eminent talent, the combination of which has secured to the Band of her Majesty's Theatre a reputation as the first in Europe, and its effect will be further increased and equalized by an addition of String Instruments.

The most minute attention has also been paid in the composition of the Chorus, and the improvements of last year have been increased by the careful selection of the most effective Voices and best Professors of Music.

In the course of the Season the Novelties and Revivals intended to be given are—Rossini's William Tell, Donizetti's Lucretia Borgia, Coppola's Nina, Donizetti's Elisir d'Amore (now performing with enthusiastic success at Paris), Mercadante's Briganti, Fiovaranti's Cantatrice Villane.

The new Ballet, "The Gypsy," now performing in Paris, with unusual attraction, has also been secured, and will be produced immediately on Mesdemoiselles Elssler's arrival.

Mademoiselle Taglioni's appearance will also take place in an entirely New Ballet, in Two Acts, composed expressly for her.

Signor Costa has kindly undertaken the Composition of the Music for a New Ballet by M. Deshayes.

The Subscription will consist of the same number of Nights as the preceding Seasons, comprising every Tuesday and Saturday up to the 10th of August, and a limited number of Thursdays, which will be timely advertised as Subscription Nights.

In addition to the strength above mentioned, M. Laporte is happy to inform his Patrons that he has, with considerable difficulty, prevailed upon Mademoiselle Pauline Garcia to enter into an arrangement which, in securing her own interests, will enable him to offer to the Subscribers, for Four Nights, the novelty of her brilliant talent. Mademoiselle Garcia had not intended to have appeared until next year, but she has yielded to the desire of beginning her theatrical career on that stage where the powers of her sister were so greatly appreciated.

The Theatre WILL OPEN on SATURDAY, March 9, 1839,
When will be performed Donizetti's Opera Seria,
BELISARIO.
The principal parts by Mademoiselle Monani and Signor F. Lablache.
After which will be produced an entirely New Grand Ballet by Signor Guerra on the Subject, and the Music selected from Mayerbeer's
ROBERT LE DIABLE.

Principal Dancers—Mademoiselle H. Elssler, Mademoiselle Bellon, Mademoiselle Caré, Madame Giubilei, Signor Guerra, Monsieur Gosselin, and Monsieur Mathieu. The Scenery by Mr. William Grieve, Principal Artist of the Theatre.

M. Laporte confidently hopes that the success of his exertions to secure the best and most complete company, in every respect, will entitle him to the support of his patrons, and particularly of those who, in their visits abroad, have been enabled to judge more accurately of the extreme dearth of talent now existing in the principal Theatres of the Continent.

An engagement with almost any one of the stars announced in the above bill, would beggar one of our houses—so they say—and yet Laporte talks of the dearth of talent on the Continent, whence he derives all his stars. The newspapers say that PAULINE GARCIA alone receives Two Hundred Pounds sterling a-night! It is problematical whether our Opera House, at the present prices, would hold that sum, allowing each individual a seat. Of Garcia, a sister of the lamented MALIBRAN, the Parisian press speak highly. Her voice is said to be unequalled in the extent of its range, comprehending three entire octaves; her person, too, is pleasing and graceful. But GRISI is the individual whom we most desire to hear. The effect of her singing has often been described to us by travellers; but as any description is *somewhat* inadequate to convey the real charm, it is hereby proposed that "We" be appointed a committee of *One* to cross the Atlantic in June next, to bring back by the middle of October, a decided impression of her singing, and the—result of the Leger. Who will second the motion?

We cannot see a London play-bill, without at once seizing upon our "slate and pencil," to "cipher out" the practicability of bringing *their* attraction over here. The vocalists of the Italian company are out of the question,—they sing but Italian, and there are too many of them,—but why not try and entice across the water, if but for a flying trip to Niagara, one of the great *danseuses?* There is an interval between the close of the London, and the commencement of the Parisian season, which two steam voyages, an engagement of thirty nights at the Park, and a glance at the Falls, would not more than fill. It could not be an unpleasing journey at the end of summer; it would be just the time to draw houses in New York, the commencement of the Fall season, and upon the whole, we have resolved upon having TAGLIONI, or one of the ELSSLERS, out here before September next. *Of course,* Stephen Price, or Mr. Wallack, will take measures to carry our resolution into effect.

The name of ALBERTAZZI will be missed in Laporte's card—Bunn has secured her for Drury Lane. If a lion-feeding theatre can afford to pay her her terms, why cannot one of our managers? The sum of money expended upon theatricals in New York is out of all proportion greater than is paid by any city in England of corresponding size, and yet we get but one wandering star at a time, while in England they have an opera and VAN AMBURGH the same night!

VESTRIS plays in London under her old cognomen, which we supposed had been definitively dropped, when CHARLES MATHEWS clasped the fair widow to his beating "busum." There is now little doubt that the intent of the marriage ceremony was to prepare the way for their transatlantic career. We shall never cease to regret their return to England, under whatever name they might choose to play here. Their acting was a study for American beginners, and would have exerted a most salutary influence upon the public taste. They have just been bringing out something new at the Olympic.

A new petite comedy, for it is too good to be called a mere burletta, has been produced there as a second piece. It is from the pen of Mr. Planche, who, to our minds has quite excelled himself in the nice delicacy and clever composition and arrangement of this sparkling trifle. It is one of the neatest episodes of pure comedy ever placed upon the minor stage, well conceived, excellent in situation, perfectly dramatic in grouping, and developing itself amid unceasing equivoque, that is never boisterous, but always playful and effective. In regard to appointments, it is perfect. The dresses, in fact, were all pictures of costume—carefully studied from the time—and in the cases of Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, were fairly recognisable as copies from celebrated paintings of the great masters of the age. Like all Spanish costumes, they have in them a richness and magnificence at once gorgeous and graceful. The story is a good one, but the "Spirit" has no room for it now, particularly as it will be impossible to see it played in this country with any degree of justice. In England, upon the fall of the curtain the first night, the applause was continued for full five minutes. Vestris received immense praise, and from reading the plot of the play, we can readily imagine how effective she must have made her part.

The Yankee lions at Drury Lane have been laboring assiduously to convince the people that, however they might derive immediately from New York, they could yet trace to Africa for their ultimate stock. A little while since they clinched the matter in this wise, to the utter confusion of the *coryphées* and *sups.* During the rehearsal of the new ballet a lady, a friend of Van Amburgh's, had permission to go behind the scenes to see the lions. On viewing them, one of them seized her by the skull and terribly lascerated it, so much so that it was completely laid open. We regret to state that the unfortunate lady was taken home in the most pitiable condition. But the unseemly conduct of the wild beasts is not confined to old Drury. It appears that for some time past a tiger and a panther, in the collection of M. Taudevin, now exhibiting at the St. James's theatre, had been continually at variance. Not long since the panther resumed his annoyance until the tiger became infuriated, and suddenly springing, fastened on the throat of his tormentor. The struggle was but of short duration, and ere the keepers could interfere, the panther had ceased to exist.

The Drury Lane Committee have recently appealed from the assessment upon that theatre in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; the theatre is situated and assessed in two parishes, the one named above, and the other, St. Paul, Covent Garden. During the investigation, the following estimates of the value of the properties, &c., were made out by Capt. Spencer, one of the committee, and his estimates were sustained by ample evidence. The amount would startle American managers. Scenery and machinery, £12,500; properties and armor, £4000; music and musical instruments, £2000; dramatic library, £150; gentlemen's wardrobe, £3441 16s.; ladies' wardrobe, £875 3s.; furniture (including the whole belonging to the theatre), £2000; looking-glasses, £1200; chandeliers, £600; making a total of £26,766 19s. He estimated the patent to be worth £20,000, making altogether £46,766 19s. Among other witnesses, Mr. Dunn, treasurer to the theatre, and secretary to the committee, was called, and he deposed that he had been connected with the theatre for upwards of forty-one years. He recollected the erection of the theatre in 1812, when Mr. Whitbread was the lessee. He then detailed the names of the different lessees, and the amount of the rent they paid from that time down to the present period. Mr. Whitbread was offered by an opulent gentleman named Wilson, to take the lease for twenty-one years, at an annual rent of £20,000, but refused the offer. It appeared, further, in evidence, that the ground rent paid to the Duke of Bedford was £849. The looking-glasses in the saloon cost, in 1816, £1900; the chandeliers £600; the chandelier in the centre of the house cost £500, which was said to be much below its value. The assessment of which the committee complained was £2,074, which the magistrates reduced to £1800. In the other parish the assessment is £525, making a sum total of £2325 for assessments!

THE GERMAN STAGE.

The representations at the German Theatre are, as in all other civilized countries, divided into three compartments,—Opera, Ballet, and the regular Drama. As the taste of our play-going public now bears powerfully towards the first species of entertainment, we shall dilate upon it as fully as our own knowledge of the facts will permit, and defer to a future number our homage at the shrines of Terpsichore, Thalia, and Melpomene.

The best operatic representations of the present day, are at Carlsruhe, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden. The theatre in this resort of fashion is supported by the liberality of the Grand Duke and by the influx of strangers who visit the Springs and Baths, either for health or pleasure. On these boards are concentrated the united talents of Haizinger, Reichel and Madame Fischer, who stand as high in the musical world as La Blache and Rubini. Haizinger is a tenor, wlth a splendid voice, and sings in the most finished style of brilliancy; he is occasionally assisted by Madame Haizinger, a lady of first-rate talent, with whom he last year made a visit to St. Petersburg, and in less than six months cleared upwards of fifty thousand dollars. Reichel's voice is a basso, quite equal to Lablache, whom he greatly resembles in *size*, although only twenty-eight years of age. His compass of voice is greater than that of any living bass-singer, it comprises nearly three octaves, down to the *contra le.* Madame Fischer is a magnificent soprano, and in addition to her great vocal abilities, she possesses the natural gift of uncommon beauty of face and figure. Her delineation of Fidelio, (a part which poor Malibran almost made her own) equals that of the great German star of the day, Madame Schrœder-Devrient. We wish our readers to understand that the Italians cannot equal the Germans in singing the compositions of Mozart, Weber, Spohr, and others, nor can the Germans reach the excellence of the Italians in the master pieces of Rossini, Spontini, Bellini, &c. &c. The difference is manifest to those who have heard "Don Juan." "Der Freischutz," "Otello," "La Vestale," and "La Sonnambula." Mozart's music is intended to strike deep into the heart, and leave there, a vivid and lasting impression; the Italians destroy the effect by overloading it with too much ornament.

The greatest treat ever offered to the musical world was given by the "German Musical Society" lately, at Frankfort, on the Maine. Ten thousand persons were present; it lasted three days. This Society, which had its head-quarters at Dusseldorff, comprises all the talent of Germany, and gives every year a grand Musical Festival in one of its great cities. Twelve hundred instrumental, and as many vocal performers, form the band. The arena is in the open air. The programme presents the oratorios, symphonies, and the *chef d'œuvres* of Gluck, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, and others. The last leader of this colossal affair was Mendelsohn Bertholdy, (a Hebrew,) whose compositions are listened to with rapturous enthusiasm; his overture to Shakspeare's "*Midsummer Night's Dream*" distances everything of the present day of the kind.

The beautiful and accomplished Mademoiselle Sontag (now the Countess de Rossi), always assisted at these enchanting gatherings. Since her marriage with the Sardinian ambassador she never sings, except when dispensing the offices of hospitality under her own roof. One exception we can state: when several towns in Germany were immersed in desolation, by the sudden rising of the waters, a benefit concert for the indigent sufferers was set on foot. The amiable Countess instantly volunteered her services, which were accepted with delight. Her worthy example was followed by several of the nobility, and it was a cheering sight, in addition to the heavenly strains that gratified all ears, to see amongst the performers the Countess de Rossi, the Baroness de Rothschild, and many others of equal rank and kindness of heart.

The Corsair.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.
WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 2) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide,*" engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye.* Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced, which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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